FATHER TIM'S TALKS

McENNIRY

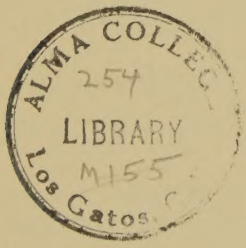
FATHER TIM'S TALKS

WITH PEOPLE HE MET

BY

C. D. McENNIRY, C. SS. R.

SECOND EDITION



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PREFACE

These "Talks" have been appearing in the Redemptorist Magazine, *The Liguorian,* during the past two years. They were so well received that the author was urged to put them out in book form. Needless to say he was quite willing to do so.

The author gave "Father Tim's Talks" this form because he believed that SOLID TRUTH, when slightly sugar-coated, will be taken in larger and more frequent doses. At the same time he saw an opportunity of bringing out a vivid life-picture of that character that exercises such a powerful, mysterious attraction for all — both Catholics and non-Catholics — the cool-headed, light-hearted, hard-working American priest.

Redemptorist Seminary,
Oconomowoc, Wisconsin.
Feast of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, 1915.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Drummer and the Beads	1
"A Happy New Year!"	8
Reflections of a Protestant Before the Crib	14
All Depends on Whose Ox Is Gored	22
Prenuptial Promises in Mixed Marriages	28
Seven World Wonders Still Extant	35
The Making of a Perfect Man	41
The Banquet—and After	52
Trouble in the Altar Society	60
A Week of Sorrow	67
The Awakening of Dormant Forces	74
The Triple Alliance	80
Sex Hygiene	87
The Devil Dislodged	94
Angels All	103
Pious Kidnappers	109
Why Ethel Was Not Baptized	116
In Union There Is Strength	123
Heart to Heart	131
Is War Immoral?	139
How Kitty Missed Her Chance	147
An Evening Wedding Frustrated	153
Knighthood	161
Evil Fruit of an Evil Tree	169

FATHER TIM'S TALKS

THE DRUMMER AND THE BEADS

I never saw Father Casey really angry but once, and that was when some one insulted the Blessed Virgin. I will tell you how it happened. Jack Kilduff, who was traveling for a New York furniture house, had just fininshed a cigar and a chat with two liquor drummers, and the three came forward to the chair car. Jack took a seat by himself and sat with his hand in his pocket gazing unseeingly out the window. Only the keenest observer would have detected that his lips were continually moving. After some fifteen minutes he quietly tucked away the rosary which he had been reciting (that was the reason he had kept his hand in his pocket), and which he never failed to recite while traveling from one city to another. One of the liquor drummers happened to be looking that way at the time and caught sight of something in Kilduff's hand.

"Get onto the mess of black pills Jack Kilduff carries in his pocket. Say, Jack, what's the trouble? System out of order?"

"Those are not pills, you mutton head," said the other — one of those wiseacres whose reservoir of wisdom is constantly overflowing for the benefit of ordinary people's little founts. "When your doctor prescribes pills, does he make you take 'em strung on

a chain like that? That's a charm Catholics use when they adore the Virgin. Hey, Jack, come out of the fog. A guy that can rake in orders for twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of furniture in a week ought to have enough 'gray matter' to cut out twelfth century idolatry."

Now Father Casey always tells us that it is worse than useless to argue religion on the train; but on this occasion he had slapped his breviary shut, without marking the place, and was facing the liquor drummer before Kilduff had time to say a word.

"You have just said that Catholics practice idolatry towards the Blessed Virgin Mary. Are you aware that that statement is a gross insult to every Catholic within hearing?"

"Sorry it gets on your nerves, old man; but what I said is true."

"Prove it!" came sharp and quick as a pistol shot.

"Why, everybody knows it!"

"Everybody knows it," echoed the priest, and his lip curled sarcastically, "if that is what you liquor drummers call proving a statement, then I wouldn't care to buy any shares in the business you are traveling for. I don't think it will double its list of customers in a week."

The drummer felt that his theological lore was rather frayed at the ends. He cursed himself inwardly for not holding his tongue. But there was no retreating now; the near-by passengers had laid down their papers and were listening for his reply. He clenched his teeth and jumped in with a splash.

"Go into any Catholic church and you will see at a glance that they adore the Virgin; they always have her image on the altar!"

"I see you have the image of an elk on your coat lapel," said Father Casey, "does that mean that you adore the beast?"

"They burn lights and offer flowers to her!"

"When you come to die, even your wife's mother will put lights and flowers around your coffin. Happy man, your mother-in-law *adores* you!"

The drummer did not enjoy the laugh. He charged anew.

"When they get hold of a rag or a stick or a stone that she happened to touch, they think they have a treasure."

"'Remember the *Maine!*' Do you know what a rusty piece of iron from its hulk will sell for?"

"But they pray to her!" cried the drummer. He was striking blindly. "And we should pray to no one but God."

"What do you mean by praying?" queried the priest.

"Why I mean to — to say prayers — to — to ask for things."

"And you claim that we must not ask for things from any one but God!"

"No, that isn't what I mean. I mean —"

"Your whole trouble, my dear sir, is that you don't know what you do mean, and unfortunately you have not enough sense to keep quiet until you find out. In the presence of these passengers you charged the Catholic Church with practicing idolatry toward the Blessed Virgin Mary. The charge is false, and I defy you or any man to prove it! On the contrary, I can show you black on white, that, according to the universal law of the Catholic Church, any man that would practice idolatry towards the Blessed Virgin Mary or

any other creature, would be guilty of heresy and *would* by that very fact be excommunicated — cut off from the Church.

"But though Catholics do not *adore* the Blessed Virgin, they *honor* her, which is quite another thing. Why do they honor her? Because they love Jesus, and she is the Mother of Jesus. If you profess to love me, and at the same time you turn your back upon my mother, I will count your declaration of love a lie. Do not say that Jesus, being God, is indifferent to the way we treat His Mother. He is the God that gave the command, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' Will He act directly contrary to His own command — He who said, 'I have set you an example, that as I have done so you also may do'? You honor the mothers of great men; why not honor the Mother of your God? You honor the stable where Jesus was born; why not honor the Virgin that gave Him birth? It is one of the insoluble mysteries of human history that there be so many fair-minded people who are sane on every other point, yet have an insane fear of offending Jesus if they show the marks of common decency towards His Mother!"

"But," cried the drummer, who had been thinking hard and believed he saw an opening, "Catholics do more than honor the Blessed Virgin; they pray to her; they ask her to work miracles, to cure deadly wounds, to mend broken bones, and to do other things that only a God can do. Surely this is idolatry!!!"

"If they ask her to do these things by her own power it surely is idolatry; if they ask her to ask God to do them, it surely is not. But why do they not ask God directly themselves instead of taking a round-

about way and asking the Blessed Virgin to ask Him? Because they are not extremists. All extremes are foolish. It is extreme and therefore foolish to speak always indirectly to God and never to dare to speak to Him directly as a child to its father. It is extreme and therefore foolish to speak always directly to Him and to have a holy horror of even breathing a prayer to His Mother as though it were high treason, like praying to the devil.

"Catholics pray at times to the Blessed Virgin because it is a delicate compliment to Jesus to show this mark of veneration for His Mother.

"Catholics pray at times to the Blessed Virgin because God encourages us to do so. When he inspired the Evangelists to write His life, though they did not write one one-thousandth part of all the things He did, yet He took care that they should not omit the fact that He worked the first of His public miracles at Cana of Galilee in answer to Mary's prayer.

"Catholics pray at times to the Blessed Virgin because it brings a little of that variety into religion for which the human heart craves. The religion that has no variety in it will soon become stagnant, dull, monotonous, dead. Instead of the luxuriant vine from from which all the members draw life-giving sap, it is a dry stock that puts forth but one sickly shoot once a year on the annual go-to-church Sunday.

"Catholics pray at times to the Blessed Virgin for the same reason that the boy who knows that he deserves the cowhide rather than an excursion, will send his 'angel sister' to get him permission to go fishing rather than ask for it himself."

"All that," cried the drummer, "is silly sentiment

or middle-age superstition. God is the Father of all and the human heart needs no intercessor between itself and Him."

"How do you know what the human heart needs? Did you ever lift a poor wretch out of the mire of sin after he had broken his good resolutions for the hundredth time, put him on his feet, and bring him safe at last into his Father's house? The Catholic priest is doing this every day of his life. Experience tells him that there are numberless sinners who, after falling back again and again into the most shameful sins, finally give way to despair. All the arguments in the world will not induce them to call once more upon the God whose mercy they have so repeatedly abused. But the very name of 'Mother' is so expressive of tenderness and pity, of forgiveness and forgetfulness of the misdeeds of wayward children, that, at the sound of that sweet name, they raise their despairing heads and whisper, 'Mother, pray to Jesus for us!' Here again experience tells the priest that no one that calls on Mary for help, with true sorrow for his sins and a firm purpose of amendment, is ever left unheard. You may explain it as you wish, but the fact is there, and it is a fact of extreme importance to the sinful sons of Adam. No more crafty trick was ever excogitated by a crafty devil than that which shuts off this source of salvation from thousands of Christians by means of the insane fear that affection and respect towards God's Mother is an insult to her Son.

"Here is my station. Gentlemen, I bid you good day." But, as the good priest lifted his satchel from the rack, he could not refrain from a parting shot. "Some enlightened people seem to think that every one has a right to a square deal except a Catholic,

They will not charge another man with base crimes unless they have solid arguments to back their assertion; but, without even the ghost of a proof, they will call a Catholic idolatrous, superstitious, treasonable, priest-ridden; and the Catholic is supposed to sit meek and silent and thank God that he is allowed to live. But sometimes he doesn't!" said Father Casey.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

"Come right in, gentlemen; I wish you both a happy New Year," called out the cheery voice of Father Tim Casey.

John Curran and Peter Carr, the secretary and treasurer of the Parish Corporation, but better known as the "Committee Men," entered the room.

"The same to you, Father," said Peter, helping himself from the priest's open cigar box. "Though there's time enough for that; to-day is only the second of December."

"To-day is New Year's Day, Peter Carr. It is the first Sunday in Advent, and the first Sunday in Advent is the first day of the Church's Year, and the first day of the year is New Year's Day. Therefore, gentlemen, I wish you a Happy New Year."

"Tell us what you mean by the Church's Year, Father," said John Curran, "for it will be a good ten minutes before Peter cools off enough to get at balancing the parish accounts."

"The Church's Year," said Father Casey, settling back in his chair (it was clear that he was discoursing on one of his pet topics), "is one of the most striking effects of the extraordinary thoughtfulness and tenderness of Our Holy Mother the Church towards us, her poor ignorant, weak-minded children. It is the annual circle of feasts and fasts by which she repeats to us the story of our Redemption. Did you gentlemen ever see a true-hearted mother teaching her child some important and difficult duty?"

"Father," cried Peter enthusiastically, "don't I see that good woman of mine teaching the oldest girl Katie how to do work about the house?"

"How does she go about it? Does she merely tell the child how the work should be done?"

"Indeed she don't, Father. No child will learn to do a thing properly just from being *told*. You must *show* them, Father; you must give them, what these new-fangled teachers call, an 'object lesson.' My little woman does not waste her breath telling Katie how bread is baked and clothes are made; no, she goes straight to the point with an 'object lesson.'"

"And does she do this only once?"

"Once! There is no use teaching these light-minded youngsters once. She shows that child a hundred times, so that sometimes I wonder at her patience."

"You should go down on your knees and thank God for the treasure He has given you, Peter Carr; Mrs. Carr is a worthy mother."

"But, Father," interposed John Curran, "you were going to tell us about the Church's Year."

"That is just what I am leading up to, John. Peter's wife, is a true-hearted and worthy mother because she teaches her children the lessons which are most important for them to learn — and she does this, not by mere empty words, but by deeds, and that not once only, but, if necessary, a hundred times. Now, our good Mother, the Church, acts precisely the same with us. I suppose you will both admit that, when it comes to supernatural things, we are all children and must be taught in the self-same way as children. Take for instance that most important of all lessons — the revealed truths of our Holy Faith, the story of the

Incarnation and Redemption. How well every ordinary Catholic knows these sublime truths. Do you think that he would have acquired that knowledge from mere words? Take yourself, Peter Carr. Is your thorough knowledge of the truths of Faith due to the words that you read in your catechism when you were a boy?"

"I don't know, Father, maybe it is."

"Repeat to me one single answer that you learned in the catechism."

"I don't believe I could do that. When a man is fifty-eight —"

"Then your knowledge of the truths of Faith is not due to the catechism. Is it due to the Catholic books you read?"

"Well, Father, I'm not strong on reading, outside of a look at the daily paper. You see I'm tired out when I get in from the road; and besides I like a little sport with the children; so you see there's not much time left for reading."

"Then your knowledge of the truths of Faith is not due to your reading. Is it due to my sermons?"

"Ah, Father, that's the time you struck it."

"It is, eh? Then tell me, you rogue, what did I preach about this morning?"

"Father, that was a powerful sermon. I was telling the woman when we got home —"

"What was it about? No beating around the bush; what was that sermon about?"

"Why, Father, it was about — it was about —"

"Come, be honest, and own up that you don't know."

"Well, to tell the truth, I couldn't recall it exactly just at this moment."

"Which proves that your thorough knowledge of

the truths of Faith is not due to the sermons you have heard — and forgotten. No, catechism and books and sermons are mere words; we need something more; we need 'object lessons.' And Our Holy Mother, the Church, gives us these 'object lessons' in the Church's Year. There, by her round of feasts and fasts, she teaches all, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, the sublime truths of our Holy Faith, the beautiful story of the Incarnation and Redemption."

"The Church's Year begins to-day, the first Sunday of Advent. *Advent* is a time of fasting and prayer, when the altars are stripped of their ornaments, and the priest is clothed in the purple vestments of penance. The four weeks of Advent impress upon our minds the remembrance of the four thousand years during which the world groaned and sorrowed in the misery caused by the sin of Adam and Eve, but at the same time hoped for the birth of its deliverer, Jesus Christ. *Christmas* comes to put an end to the four sorrowing weeks of Advent, just as His birth put an end to these four thousand years. The first of January, the feast of the *Circumcision,* teaches us how Jesus shed His first blood for love of us in submitting to the Jewish ceremony that foreshadowed our sacrament of Baptism. January the sixth, the feast of *Epiphany* or of the *Manifestation* tells how the New-Born Redeemer called to His manger the three Gentile Kings, thus announcing the consoling truth that His Redemption would be restricted to no tribe or people, but would be as broad as the earth. February the second, the feast of the *Presentation* of Our Divine Savior in the temple, gives us a picture of the joy of the holy old man Simeon when he took the Infant Jesus in his arms and exclaimed: 'Now Thou dost dismiss Thy

Servant, O Lord, according to Thy word in peace; because my eyes have seen Thy salvation . . . a light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel'; and at the same time it gives us a picture of the sorrow of Mary on hearing the prophecy that her beloved Child would be hated and persecuted by the very men whom He had come to save. The *Sunday within the octave* of Epiphany recalls how the Boy Jesus, then twelve years of age, was lost in Jerusalem and found at the end of three days in the temple; and how, after that, He went down with Mary and Joseph to Nazareth, where He gave the world the astounding spectacle of a God obeying poor human creatures, until He had attained the age of thirty years. At the age of thirty He passes on to the three years of His public life, which begin with a forty days' fast, and end with His triumphal entry into Jerusalem, the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, and His bitter passion and death. These sublime mysteries are commemorated by the forty days of *Lent,* and by *Palm Sunday, Holy Thursday,* and *Good Friday.* The joy and exultation of the Church on *Easter Sunday* help us to realize how death and sin were conquered when the crucified Jesus rose from the tomb. The forty happy days that He spent with His Disciples and His ascension into heaven are called to our minds by the *forty days* after Easter ending with *Ascension Thursday.* During the *nine days* succeeding Ascension Thursday we unite in spirit with the Disciples and Mary the Mother of God in the first public novena or nine days' prayer, and then, on the glorious feast of *Pentecost,* we celebrate the descent of the Holy Ghost and the birth of the Catholic Church. Thus, each sublime lesson preparing our minds for one still more sublime, we are finally brought to *Trinity*

Sunday, and then we are left, overwhelmed with awe and wonder, at the very footstool of the Triune God.

"No mere words that a book or preacher might use could bring to us these saving truths as do the 'object lessons' set before us by Our Holy Mother, the Church, in the fasts and feasts of her year. And, just as Peter's wife never tires of repeating the same lesson until little Katie has mastered it, so Our Holy Mother, the Church, tells her children over and over this same sweet story of the Incarnation and Redemption, until its every feature is imprinted so deeply upon their hearts that it can never be effaced. And now tell me, gentlemen, am I not correct when I wish you to-day a happy New Year?"

"Father," said John Curran, "I am beginning to see that there are a thousand beautiful traits in our holy religion that I had never dreamed of."

"John," put in Peter, with a twinkle in his eye, "His Reverence has been in the habit of presenting the 'Committee Men' with a box of cigars on New Year's Day, and now since there are two New Year's Days instead of one, we may expect tw—"

"Peter Carr, stop your blathering, and get to work at the parish accounts, or we shall not be finished by Vespers," said Father Casey.

REFLECTIONS OF A PROTESTANT BEFORE THE CRIB

"This afternoon, Mr. Blaberfield," began Father Casey, "I shall briefly explain the Catholic doctrine on the veneration of images. Crucifixes, pictures and statues of the Blessed Virgin Mary and —"

"Why does your Church," broke in Mr. Blaberfield irascibly, "in the clear noonday light of this cultured age, still cling to such mediæval mummery?"

"I fear you misunderstand us, Mr. Blaberfield; we Catholics venerate images, not on account of what they are in themselves, but on account of what they represent. An example will make my meaning clear. Patriotic Americans weave garlands about Washington's picture, February 22, not because they have any regard for that particular square piece of canvas or for the dried paint that covers it, but because that picture represents a man whom they love and admire. Venerating thus the visible likeness of the now invisible Washington they feel that they grow to know him better and love him more. It is thus that Catholics venerate the images of Christ and His Saints.

"And furthermore," continued the priest, "we know that Christ and His Saints, though themselves invisible, can still see us, and that they are pleased to see us honor their images, just as your absent friend would be pleased to learn that you fondly cherished his portrait. Your repugnance for this doctrine is likely

traceable to the oft-repeated calumny that Catholics adore images in the same way that pagans adore their false gods."

"Oh, Father Casey, no one, except the denizens of the tall timber, believes that moss-covered lie nowadays. No; I condemn your veneration of images, not because I suspect you of idolatry, but because I consider the practice useless and silly."

Father Casey tapped impatiently on the table and gazed hopelessly out of the window. This Mr. Blaberfield was to marry a love-sick girl of the parish, and he was coming, with a very bad grace, to take the six prescribed instructions in the Catholic Religion so that he would know what he was doing when he signed the contract to allow his wife and children to practice that religion. Though intelligent and well informed on every other question, he was stubbornly unreasonable regarding every point of Catholic belief or practice. That was why Father Casey, in sheer despair, tapped impatiently on the table and looked hopelessly out of the window.

On the street below a snowball battle was raging. The enemy's well directed fire had proved too much for "Jerry" Flynn, and that pugnacious youth was running — rather, he was retiring to a strategic position — down the alley. That was all that Father Casey saw, but it must have given him inspiration, for he brightened like a flash, closed the Catechism and threw it on the table, and turning to his companion, said:

"Mr. Blaberfield, yesterday was Christmas; what are your earliest recollections of the feast?"

It looked for a moment as though Mr. Blaberfield would meet this unexpected advance with his usual studied antagonism, but on second thought the subject

appealed to him, and, as it was furthermore neutral ground, he softened.

"My earliest recollections,"—he was speaking slowly, leaning far back in his chair, and puffing great clouds of cigar smoke toward the ceiling—"are of the Christmas tree with its little colored candles—and of the plum pudding which always sent up such mysterious clouds of white steam as my mother brought it in from the kitchen. I used to imagine that there were little Christmas elfs and goblins dancing in that steam, and I always took good care to blow it off my share lest I should swallow some of them. But best of all I remember the big fireplace and Santa Claus who I thought came in there. I used to spend a great deal of time speculating about him and wondering whether he knew my name and liked me."

"And what," queried Father Casey, who noted that all the Christmas thoughts of this Protestant child had been of the earth earthy, "are your recollections of the church; I suppose your parents brought you there?"

"Oh, yes, they were strict church goers. Why, I remember I used to look at all the evergreen boughs about the doors and windows and wonder whether they would grow if they were fastened to the trees again. But the church seemed more empty and gloomy Christmas than at other times, possibly because our own home was unusually bright and pleasant, and I was anxious to have the service over so that I could get back there."

"And what are your early recollections of the Infant Savior and of the Angels that announced His birth, and of the shepherds and kings that came to visit Him?"

"My recollections of all that are hazy enough. Of

course the Minister would preach about it, and, after we got home, father would read a chapter of the Bible about it, but I never seemed to grasp the meaning of the whole thing. It was many years later before I understood precisely what Christmas meant."

"What a pity," mused Father Casey, "that you were not taught in your tenderest years the sublime and beautiful truths commemorated by the feast of Christmas! You had a vivid imagination. It would have helped to impress those truths so deeply upon your childish mind that your whole after life would have been more spiritual — more supernatural."

"I dare say you are right," returned the other, "and I believe that nearly all children have a very vivid imagination and do a great deal of day dreaming just as I did. But as for teaching them the Christmas story in their tenderest years — it can't be done. Such truths as the human birth of the Son of God are too difficult; you can't teach them to children."

The priest did not answer, but he smiled and looked at Mr. Blaberfield, as much as to say, "Can't you?" Then he threw up the sash, put his head out of the window, and shouted:

"Gerard, come in here."

"Jerry" Flynn, for that was the person addressed, sheepishly dropped the well molded snowball he was just aiming at the Milligan cat, tipped his cap with a ready, "All right, Fader," ran up the steps, and burst into the room.

"Gerard, what's Christmas?" asked Father Casey bluntly without wasting any time over a preface.

"Our Lord's birthday," promptly responded the ready "Jerry."

"Which birthday was yesterday?"

"His 1914th birthday."

"And didn't Our Lord exist before His birthday 1914 years ago?"

"Oh, yes, Fader, but He was up in heaven."

"Go ahead, Gerard; tell us the whole story. This gentleman wants to hear it."

"Jerry" was thawing out in more senses than one. He dispatched a scouting party through his pockets for a needed handkerchief; the search proving fruitless he requisitioned a coat sleeve and began:

"We couldn't any of us get to heaven unless Our Lord died for us, 'cause our first parents committed 'riginal sin. So our Lord came down from heaven and took a body like any little baby, and He was born in a stable, and that made Christmas. There was a ox and a donkey in the stable, and Our Lord's Mother put Him in the manger full of straw, and St. Joseph was along to take care of them and to lead the donkey when Our Lord and His Mother rode on it. It was at night, and lots of angels were singing around, and they woke up the shepherds, and the shepherds came down to the stable to see Jesus and say their prayers, and the Wise Kings saw a big star over the stable and they came too. The Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph," continued "Jerry" (he was looking off into space as though he were describing events that occurred to him in the distant past), "were awful sorry they couldn't make a fire. But it wouldn't a been no use, 'cause there wasn't no doors to the stable. Jesus shivered all the time — but I guess — if — if we weren't bad so often, He would a been warmer."

"Well done, Gerard!" cried Father Casey. "You heard all that in my Christmas sermon yesterday, did you?"

"Fader, I was asleep while you were preaching," said honest "Jerry."

"Then who," urged the priest, undisturbed by "Jerry's" compliment (?), "who taught you all these things you have been telling us?"

"Fader, nobody; I allus knowed them."

"There you are," said Father Casey, after "Jerry" had left, with his depleted treasury somewhat replenished; "you say that the truths of faith cannot be taught to a child. 'Jerry' as they call him, is only nine years old, and he is more at home in those truths than many a man of forty-five."

"Father Casey," said Mr. Blaberfield with genuine admiration, "it's astounding! How do you Catholics do it?"

"Come, and I will show you," saying which the priest linked arms with his companion and led him to the church. Though it was mid-afternoon and there was to be no service, the building was by no means empty. Several persons were there and all in more or less close proximity to a beautiful "Crib of Bethlehem" which told to the eye in the most vivid language every detail of the Christmas story. A group of the little parish school girls, so prim and dainty in their new holiday dresses, were praying devoutly and drinking in the beauty of the Divine Child and His gentle Mother. Then there were three boys about "Jerry's" age, perhaps the very ones with whom he had been engaged in the recent artillery duel on the street, for a snowball, which had lodged between the shoulder blades of one of the three, was slowly melting and trickling down the back of his coat. They knelt, crowding up as near the crib as possible and clasping their dirty hands on the very feet of good

St. Joseph. After a prayer, which, let us hope, was as fervent as it was brief, there followed some animated whispering with sundry pointings at the Infant, the Wise Kings (especially the black one), the donkey, the ox, and the sheep. One look at these earnest, boyish faces was sufficient to convice the Protestant that the Christmas story was as real and familiar to them as if they had taken part in it themselves. After their theological discussion had been finished to the apparent satisfaction of all concerned, and frequent citations of what "Sister said," there was another short prayer, a nondescript Sign of the Cross, a genuflection toward the Blessed Sacrament, and they were out on the street to join the belligerents.

When the patter of their feet had died away, Father Casey, by a gesture, told his companion to listen to the low sweet voice of a young mother who knelt a short distance in front of them explaining the meaning of the crib to her child. The child, a sturdy little fellow of three or four, was standing on the kneeling bench beside her with his elbows on the back of the pew before him and his plump chin in his hands. The interest with which he listened to his mothers' simple explanation and the eagerness with which he asked question after question, without once taking his eyes off the statues, showed how deeply his childish imagination had been impressed with the story of the first Christmas night.

Father Casey and his companion turned and walked down the aisle. A car had just stopped at the corner, and several of the passengers, returning from their day's work, had alighted and were hurrying into the church to make a little visit to the crib. Mr. Blaberfield noticed among them several men about his own

age, and he found himself envying them at the thought that the crib would recall to their minds scenes from their own early childhood like those which he had just witnessed. The moment he had set his foot outside the door, the priest wheeled and faced him.

"There, sir, is food for thought for you. You, as a child, knew little of the great truths of faith, because Protestantism spoke only to your intellect, and spoke in dry, lifeless texts which your childish mind could not grasp. 'Jerry' Flynn, at nine years, understands these truths better than many a man of forty, because the Catholic Church taught 'Jerry,' and the Catholic Church takes men as God made them — not intellect alone, but intellect, heart, and imagination — she speaks to all three and thus reaches the whole man. Perhaps now, sir, religious pomp and ceremony, statues, pictures, and symbols, which the Catholic Church uses to speak to her children, and which Protestantism condemns, do not appear so useless and silly as they did."

"I must admit, Father Casey, that they do not."

"And another thing you must admit, Mr. Blaberfield, if you accept the logic of facts, is this: Protestantism is too young and inexperienced to teach that wise old mother, the Catholic Church, how to bring up children. It is like a woman who has just stupidly overlain and smothered her only child coming to lecture the mother of a dozen husky youngsters on how to take care of babies."

ALL DEPENDS ON WHOSE OX IS GORED

"How are you, Father Casey? Taking a nap?"

The roar of that stentorian voice would well-nigh have awakened the good priest had he even been taking his last long sleep.

"Do you know, Father, that this train is late? It doesn't carry a diner; we don't stop for meals until we get to Riverside, fifty miles from here, and it is past twelve right now. I'm starving, that's all about it. This gets on my nerves. If I don't find a good-natured man to talk to, I'll go mad. That is why I woke you up, Father Casey. You must have been out late last night, to sleep so soundly on this miserable train."

"Yes, John, I was called out last night a little after midnight to a wild young scapegrace, who was carried in to his mother with a bullet in his left lung. He was perfectly conscious, and perfectly able to receive the Sacraments, but the case was so pitiful that I remained there until almost morning."

"Sacraments," growled the well groomed but hungry man. "Almighty God does not want any such tomfoolery as that. You Catholics make me tired."

"No, John, you are not tired. You are just hungry, that is all that is the matter with you. And as to whether or not Almighty God wants the Sacraments, I suppose He Himself would be the best one to give us information on that subject."

"I suppose He would — here is this confounded train stopping again."

"And in fact He has told us a great many things in a long letter which He sent us, and which we call the Bible. I think you always told me that you believe the Bible to be the word of God."

"Yes, I surely believe that."

"Well, then, to begin with the Bible —"

"No, don't begin with anything! Father Casey, you have a brain as bright as an arc light. You proved all these things to me from the Bible, and from history, and from the belief of the early Christians, and so forth — you proved all that when you were giving me a few pointers on Catholic doctrine before I married that little Catholic wife of mine. Ha, she thought she would turn me into a pillar of the Church in a week; but, upon my word, I believe she will soon be as indifferent about these things as I am myself. Your arguments are all right, Father, but why should Almighty God want you to pour water on a baby in Baptism, or rub oil on a person in Confirmation or Extreme Unction? He can give us the same grace without going through these ceremonies, and so I don't believe He wants them."

And John Stone leaned back against the cushioned seat, and every line of his features told plainly that he was contented with himself and contented with his business and contented with his money and contented with all the creature comforts that money could buy, and he was determined that no disturbing thoughts of supernatural duties and religious observances should break in upon that contentment, even if he had to close his eyes to the clearest proofs of reason in order to keep them out.

All went well until a half hour later when they were side-tracked to await a west-bound express.

"Well, isn't that the limit? I'll never ride on this train again if I have to walk. I wonder if they think that we are like crocodiles — ate enough at our last meal to do us for a week."

Amused at the incessantly recurring question of dinner, Father Casey said:

"Isn't it a pity, John, that we must lose so much of our valuable time at the constantly recurring task of disposing of our three meals a day? Almighty God could just as well renew our strength without the formality of eating; He could create us immediately as full-grown men without the formality of growing up; He could cure us immediately without the formality of doctors and health resorts. Isn't it a pity He doesn't do so?"

"Not on your life, Father! We are not ghosts, immaterial beings, as you would say. We have bodies with eyes and ears and hands, and we like Almighty God to attach some formalities to what He does for us so that we can see and hear and feel what is going on. He knows this, and He is good enough to act accordingly."

"John Stone, out of your own mouth you stand condemned," laughed Father Casey. "It is precisely because Almighty God understands the need that we poor human beings have of formalities that He has deigned to institute the Sacraments. He could, if He wished, give us the same graces without the pouring of water in Baptism or the anointing with oil in Confirmation and Extreme Unction, but He knows that we like to see and hear and feel what is going on, and He is good enough to act accordingly. The su-

pernatural life is very much like the natural life. Just as Almighty God has decreed that we should enter this natural life by birth, so too He has decreed that we should enter the supernatural life by the sacrament of *Baptism,* which we call the sacrament of regeneration, that is, second birth.

" In the natural life, the child that is born into the world a weak, helpless infant, must go through the process of growing up before it develops into a perfect man. In the spiritual life, after having been made a child of God in Baptism, one is made a strong and perfect Christian and a Soldier of Jesus Christ, in other words, a spiritual ' grown-up,' by the sacrament of *Confirmation.*

" In the natural life, in order to keep our body strong and vigorous and capable of performing the labor allotted to it, we must go through the process of eating three meals a day."

" Of that fact I am painfully aware," muttered John, in parenthesis.

" So, too, in the supernatural life, we must feed on supernatural food in the sacrament of *Holy Eucharist.* Here the soul is nourished by the very Body and Blood of the Son of God. This divine food makes the soul strong and vigorous, able to resist temptations, as the healthy body resists disease, capable of performing extraordinary labors for heaven and God."

" In the natural life sickness and injuries sometimes threaten the body with death. Then it is that medicine and healing remedies are needed to restore the body to health; and rest, travel, a special course of diet, or a change in occupation, is required before all the evil effects of the disease will be removed. In the supernatural life, the soul, sick and wounded from sin,

will be saved from eternal death by the sacrament of *Confession,* which restores it to health, and it will be freed from the slow poison and weakness, resultant from sin, by the sacrament of *Extreme Unction.* The wound, the sickness, of the soul, is sin; that sickness is cured, that sin is forgiven, by the worthy reception of the sacrament of *Confession.* But even after forgiveness, the soul is not the same as it was before it committed the sin, just as one who has recovered from typhoid is seldom the same as he was before the disease attacked him. Some of the evil effects that remain after the sin has been forgiven are: indolence and difficulty in the pursuit of virtue, remorse and disturbance of conscious, inordinate fear of death, depression under bodily ailments and afflictions. These evil effects are felt with especial keenness, and prove especially dangerous, at the hour of death. And it is therefore at the hour of death that the sacrament of *Extreme Unction* is received to remove these evil effects.

"If this world were one big island, and there were only one man, a sort of Robinson Crusoe, to inhabit it, then these five sacraments would be enough. But we are social beings, we have to live with others of our kind. By reason of this fact we have special obligations and therefore stand in need of special helps. In the natural life, certain men must be set up to rule the others, otherwise we would have but confusion and anarchy. This is done by the process of election, inauguration, coronation, and the like. In spiritual affairs, certain men are given the supernatural grace to rule others by the sacrament of *Holy Orders.*

"This world is but a place of pilgrimage, we have here no lasting habitation. Men are continually pass-

ing from this world to the next at the rate of several thousand a minute. God's wish of keeping this world inhabitated would not be realized had He not provided for some way of propagating the human race. He has provided for this by the natural contract of marriage. But he has a higher object in view. He wishes to prepare immortal souls for the life to come. He has provided for this by raising the natural contract of marriage to the dignity of a sacrament, the sacrament of *Matrimony*. In this sacrament a Christian man and woman are made husband and wife, and given special assistance from on high to train their children for heaven by word and example, and to bring them up in the holy love and fear of God. So, John," concluded the priest with a smile, "you see that Almighty God understands our poor human nature pretty well after all, and that in instituting the sacraments, He acted almost as wisely as you would have done yourself."

"River-er-side, Riv-er-side," shouted the conductor. "Twenty minutes for dinner."

"Well, the impossible has happened! It has come at last!" cried John Stone; adding: "Just when we were in the last throes of starvation."

PRENUPTIAL PROMISES IN MIXED MARRIAGES

"Richard, here he comes!"

Irene Mullins gave a little half-sob of shame and regret. It did not increase her self-esteem to meet the quiet gaze of Father Casey now since she had told him that she was determined to marry Richard Nicholson, this handsome young Protestant, and that nothing could change her resolution. The door of the rectory parlor opened and Father Casey walked in.

"Good evening, Irene; good evening, Mr. Nicholson."

Irene rose to her feet — a mark of respect for the priest of God which she had been taught from her earliest years. The young man made no move beyond a stiff inclination of the head, while his face became a trifle paler, and the look of antagonism deepened in his eyes.

"We called, sir," he said, "regarding that document which you said I must sign before you will apply to the Bishop for a dispensation to marry us."

"Here it is," and the priest handed him a slip of paper which read:

"I, the undersigned, not a member of the Catholic Church, wishing to contract marriage with Irene Mullins, a member of the Catholic Church, propose to do so with the understanding that the marriage tie is indissoluble, except by death, and promise on my word of honor that she shall enjoy the free exercise of religion according to her belief, and that all children, of either sex, born of this marriage, shall be baptized and educated in the faith and ac-

cording to the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church; and furthermore, that no other marriage ceremony than that before the Catholic Priest shall take place.

"Witnesses.....

"Witnesses.....

"Signed....."

"Sir," said Nicholson, when he had read the paper, "you were frank with me last evening when you said that you considered it a calamity for a Catholic to marry a Protestant; I shall be frank with you to-night: I consider it the height of arrogance and narrow-mindedness for the Catholic Church to ask a Protestant to sign such a document as this!"

"Do you mean," said Father Casey, and his voice was calm — too calm — it made the visitor uncomfortable, "that it is arrogance for the Catholic Church to command this young woman, under pain of expulsion from the fold, to do what the Church considers necessary for the salvation of her soul?"

"No, sir, I mean nothing of the kind!"

"Do you then mean that it is arrogance for the Catholic Church to command this young woman to effect, as far as she can, that the children whom God gives her, do what the Church considers necessary for the salvation of their souls?"

"Well, no; since she freely wishes to remain a Catholic, the Church has right to give her these commands. But *I* am no Catholic, and it is insufferable arrogance for the Church to give *me* a command to bring up my children Catholics!"

"Not so fast," said the priest, and his voice became, if possible, more calm. "You have just admitted that the Catholic Church has a right to say to this young woman: 'Either effect, as far as you can, that your children be brought up Catholics, or leave the Church

yourself.' This you have admitted. But tell me, is this young woman doing all she can to have her children brought up Catholics if she marries a non-Catholic without exacting a promise that he will allow her to follow her conscience in this matter?"

"I see — stating the question in that way makes it look different. Her Church does not command me to bring up the children Catholics, but forbids her to marry me unless I promise to allow her to do so."

"Precisely," said Father Casey.

"But now, let us turn the tables: my Church would be justified in commanding me to bring up my children Protestants."

"Does your Church do so?" queried Father Casey.

"No, not that I know of — but my conscience does."

"Then, if you allow the children to be brought up Catholics, you go against your conscience and commit a sin; while on the other hand if she allows them to be brought up Protestants, she goes against her conscience and commits a sin."

"That's correct; and it is not right to expect me to commit a sin any more than her."

"Quite true," said the priest, "it is never right to expect any one to commit a sin. Do you see what necessarily follows?"

"What?"

"The very thing I told you last night: that a Catholic can hardly marry a non-Catholic without one or both committing sin thereby."

Nicholson was silent for a moment, then continued, with considerably less self-sufficiency than before:

"Then why not make a compromise? The girls will be Catholics and the boys Protestants."

"If your conscience is logical, Mr. Nicholson, it can-

not agree to any such compromise. The souls of boys and girls are of equal value. If the true Church is necessary for the salvation of the one, it is likewise necessary for the salvation of the other. I do not know whether your conscience is logical enough to urge this, but I know that the Catholic Church is; it will allow no compromise wherein immortal souls are battered for human affections."

"Well, then, we will make them neither Catholics nor Protestants; we will wait till they grow old enough to choose for themselves."

"That would be an unnatural crime! It would be to neglect your most sacred obligation as parents! Instinct teaches the very beast of the field to give its offspring all the assistance they need to grow into well-developed beasts. In like manner reason teaches reasonable beings to give their children all the assistance necessary to grow up into well-developed reasonable beings. But the first and most essential obligation of a reasonable being is to know, love, and serve God, its Creator and Final End. The human parents who would fail in this would be as unnatural as the mother-bird that would neglect to bring food to her young and leave them to die and rot in the nest."

"But, sir, God wishes us to serve Him freely, and not through force. To teach any one a particular religion from childhood up is practically to force him to accept that religion — it is not freedom!"

"If religion," said Father Casey, "were a human invention like railroading or baseball, I might grant your contention. But religion is a divine institution — it was revealed by God. God did not and could not reveal several different religions that mutually contradict one another. He revealed but one religion.

That is the true religion; all other religions are false. To so train your child that he can choose a false religion as easily as the true one, is not to give him freedom but to reduce him to slavery. If you are certain which is the true religion, you must teach it to your child from his earliest infancy, for only then will your child be safe from the fatal danger of being misled by a false one. To act in any other way would be criminal neglect of your duty as father. If you do not know for certain which is the true religion, then it is doubly criminal for you to enter the married state — to take upon yourself the obligation of molding and training human beings — before you have settled to your own satisfaction the most urgent and essential question of human existence."

"Would you then," asked Nicholson, "comdemn a man to life-long celibacy because he cannot discover which among the one-thousand religions in the world is the true religion?"

"I would condemn no honest-minded man to life-long celibacy," said Father Casey, "for there is no man with an honest mind that cannot discover the true religion if he sincerely tries to do so. To say the contrary would be to accuse the All-just God of injustice and tyranny. When He revealed the one true religion, He thereby imposed the obligation of embracing that religion upon all, both the learned and the ignorant. But a just God could not impose this obligation upon all without making it fairly easy for all to fulfill it. Therefore, since it is fairly easy to discover the true religion, the man who does not, within a reasonable time succeed in discovering it, is not making honest and sincere efforts to do so — he has not a good will. And if he stubbornly persists in life-long bad will I

surely would do all in my power to condemn him to life-long celibacy. I would do all in my power to hinder him from having any part in the training of immortal souls. His own corrupt heart would necessarily have a corrupting influence upon all over whom he had any authority."

The priest paused for a moment, but, seeing that Nicholson made no attempt to answer, he continued:

"You proposed allowing the children to grow up without any religious beliefs until they were old enough to choose for themselves. That course, besides being immoral, as I have just shown you, is furthermore impossible. Religion has a bearing upon all our conscious acts in their relation to Almighty God. As soon as a human being begins to perform conscious acts he begins to acquire a religious belief, and that religious belief must be one of these three: *first,* 'I believe that no religion is necessary'; *second,* 'I believe that several different religions are equally good'; *third,* 'I believe that this particular religion is the only good one.' The parents, every one that comes in contact with the child, must, whether they will or not, foster one of these three beliefs. If you and your wife succeed, while in the presence of your child, in avoiding every word or action that has any reference to religion, you will foster, and foster strongly, the first belief. If your wife acts always as a zealous Catholic, and you, always as a zealous Protestant, you will foster the second belief. To foster in your child the first belief is to make him an *atheist.* To foster in him the second belief is to make him an *indifferentist* — it is treason to your child, and treason to the religion which you know to be the only true one. To foster the third belief and foster it with reference to

the one true religion — this and this alone is to fulfill your sacred duty towards your child. Your intended wife cannot remain a member of the Catholic Church unless she is determined to do this for the children whom God may give her, and she may not marry you unless you sign a promise that you will permit her to do so."

"I will sign the document," said Nicholson. "And, Father," he added (it was the first time in his life that he had addressed a priest by that title, which showed how the proud man had been humbled), "I hope the day will soon come when I shall regard it not merely an obligation of honor but still more as a duty of religion to fulfill what the document enjoins."

SEVEN WORLD WONDERS STILL EXTANT

"Good morning, Father Casey," rang out the lusty chorus, the moment the good priest entered Sister Cecilia's room.

His honest face flushed with pleasure, as he returned the whole-souled greeting. These are his ninth grade boys, the joy and pride of his heart. Not one in this room but can run and jump and swim and skate and play ball with the best; and not one but comes month after month to confess his sins and sincerely renew his good resolutions in the sacrament of Penance, and to receive his God in Holy Communion.

"These," the priest would often say, "these are the product of the Catholic school. These are the manly young fellows who will one day become the heads of true Catholic homes."

Sister Cecilia invites him to the seat at the desk, and hands him a catechism.

"What is your lesson to-day, Harry?"

"Sacraments in general, Father."

"Sacraments in general. Well, what is a sacrament?"

"A sacrament is an outward sign instituted by Christ to give grace."

"Correct. Now, boys, Harry's definition clearly expresses the three things that constitute a sacrament — the three things that make a sacrament different from everything else. Who can tell me what they are?"

The only answer was a moment of deepest silence, while a score of busy brains were vainly trying to find three distinct qualities expressed in that simple little definition of a sacrament.

"Why, boys, that's easy," cried Father Casey. "A sacrament is *an outward sign* — there is the first quality. *Instituted by Christ* — there is the second quality. *To give grace* — there is the third quality. An outward sign, institution by Christ, the power of giving grace; every sacrament has these three qualities, and everything that has these three qualities is a sacrament. Take, for example, the sacrament of Confirmation: "'The outward sign' is the anointing of your forehead with oil and the Latin prayer recited by the bishop; 'the institution by Christ' is proven from the Scriptures, eighth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, verses 15 and 17, and probably took place at the Last Supper; 'the grace given' is the grace to be brave as soldiers when tempted to deny the faith. Is that clear? Now I shall take the sacrament of Baptism, and see whether you all understand me. Show me these three requisite qualities in the sacrament of Baptism, Robert."

"The institution by Christ was when He said that text, that we have in to-day's lesson: 'Going therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.'"

"Very well. And the outward sign? Peter, what is the outward sign in the sacrament of Baptism?"

"The — the — Why, Father, I guess the outward sign in Baptism is the baby."

"No, my boy, the outward sign is not the baby; neither is the grace given, the grace to grow big and become a railway engineer. In the sacrament of Bap-

tism 'the grace given' is the grace which makes us Christians, friends and children of God: 'the outward sign' consists in pouring the water and saying at the same time the words: 'I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.'

"Now, you know the three qualities required to constitute a sacrament. I shall give a word of explanation about each of the three: First, a sacrament is *an outward sign.* It was a proof of our Savior's loving thoughtfulness to select outward signs in order to confer His graces upon us. He could, had He wished, have given us all the graces of Baptism, Penance, and all the sacraments, without any outward sign, as most non-catholics think He does. But He understood our poor human nature too well for that. He knew that we are apt to deceive ourselves with regard to our inward feelings; He knew that many of us fret and worry for fear that our sins have not been forgiven, for fear that we are not friends of God. Therefore He gave us something we could see and be sure of. Therefore He said: 'Receive, with the proper dispositions, these outward signs which I have instituted, and I give you my divine assurance that your original sin is washed away — that you are in my friendship — that the sins you have committed are forgiven — that you are on the safe road to heaven.' How thoughtful of our Savior to give us His graces by means of these outward signs! What consoling certainty and peace of mind it gives to every true Catholic!

"Secondly, the sacraments *give grace.* Patrick, how many kinds of grace are there?"

"There are two kinds of grace, sanctifying grace and actual grace."

"Correct; and the sacraments give both these kinds. *Sanctifying* grace is simply the friendship of God. If you are in mortal sin, you are an enemy of God. The sacraments of Baptism or Confession will restore you to His friendship — will give you sanctifying grace. If you are already in the friendship of God, the sacraments of Confirmation, Communion, Extreme Unction, Holy Orders, and Matrimony will make that friendship stronger — will increase sanctifying grace. So much for sanctifying grace. What did you say the other kind of grace was, Patrick?"

"Actual grace, Father."

"*Actual* grace is simply the help of God. Without God's help we can do nothing but sin. For different kinds of duty, we need different kinds of help; and the different sacraments are instituted precisely to furnish these different kinds of help; for example, we need a special help of God — a special actual grace, to believe and live like a Christian; the sacrament of Baptism gives it to us. We need a special help of God — a special actual grace, to die a good death; the sacrament of Extreme Unction gives it to us. A priest needs a special actual grace to do his duty and save the souls of his people; he obtains it in the sacrament of Holy Orders; a father or mother, to bring up their children, obtain it in the sacrament of Matrimony. Thus you see each sacrament is instituted to give some special help of God — some special actual grace — and that is called the sacramental grace of that particular sacrament. When we see that we shall need a particular grace to overcome some temptation, we must go and receive the sacrament that will give us that particular grace, otherwise we can blame no one but ourselves for our falls."

"Father," broke in impetuous Patrick, heedless of Sister Cecilia's frown warning him that he should first ask the Father's permission to speak, "the Baptist that lives next door to us says it is foolish to think that a little water poured on a baby's head will purify its soul."

"Patrick, that objection brings us just where we were already going — to the third requisite for a sacrament. How can a mere outward sign applied to our body give inward grace to our soul? Because this outward sign was *instituted for that purpose by Jesus Christ.* Tell your Baptist neighbor, Patrick, that that baby was created by Jesus Christ, and the water we use to baptize the baby was created by Jesus Christ. And since Jesus Christ is able to create both the baby and the water, He is also able to give that water special power to sanctify that baby, if He wishes to do so. That He does wish to do so is proven from Holy Scripture and from the testimony of that unerring Church appointed by Almighty God to explain Holy Scripture."

"So you see, boys, these are the three qualities that make the seven sacraments different from Holy Water, Scapulars, Blessings, prayers, and everything else. Some one has said that the seven sacraments are seven golden vessels filled with the saving Blood of Jesus Christ, or seven channels through which His graces flow down and water our parched souls. The seven sacraments are the most sacred things on earth. I have seen you boys as you knelt in the church preparing for Confession, or walking up the aisle to receive Holy Communion, and I thanked God that you seemed to realize the sacredness of the sacraments and did not imitate those who bring no more seriousness and reverence to the reception of the sacraments than they do to

their daily meals. It is almost time for remission. Has any one a doubt? John, do you wish to ask a question?"

"N-n-o, Father."

"But, John, I could see a question in your eye. Come, out with it! What were you wondering about?"

"I was wondering," said John sheepishly, "where I left my baseball glove."

THE MAKING OF A PERFECT MAN

Despite the summer sunshine Father Casey felt chilled sitting there in the grand Rafferty parlor. He missed the warm Irish welcome of good Grandma Rafferty, God rest her soul. He missed the pictures of the Blessed Mother and the Sacred Heart which had been banished from the parlor immediately after the old lady's death to make way for artistic (!) paintings of half nude caperers as stupid as they were obscene. However, it was neither the prospect of a warm welcome nor of a pleasant visit that brought Father Casey to the Rafferty home this bright summer day. Viola, the only child, was not attending the Catholic school, and had not been doing so ever since her father got his grand position as attorney for the great trust. Father Casey was awaiting the lawyer's return from the office to make an earnest appeal for the child.

Daniel Rafferty swung his big car into the drive and brought it to a skillful stop before the door. His face, beaming with the pleasure every confirmed automobilist experiences at the wheel, took on the calamity-howler aspect the moment he caught sight of the priest. True his contributions to religion and charity had not been half as large as those of his poorer neighbors, yet, small as they were, he hated to have any one ask him for them, and he felt sure that the priest was there for that purpose. With a pretense at the bluff good nature he by no means felt, he shouted:

"Good day, Father Casey! Say, Father, take my advice and never invest in an automobile. That

machine of mine has eaten up double my salary every month that I've had it. If I don't get rid of it soon, I'll be a pauper."

The priest lost no time in stating the object of his visit. The lawyer, relying on his argumentative powers, dropped his bantering tone and assumed an air of defiance.

"Why," he asked, "should I send my child to the Catholic school?"

"Why," echoed the priest, "should you send it to any school?"

"To educate it."

"And what is education?"

The lawyer winced. He had counted upon being the cross examiner and not the witness. Now he could not retreat from his position. He thought for a moment and then answered:

"Education is the training which is given to the child in order to help it to develop into a perfect man."

"Correct! But *man,* as you learned in your catechism years ago, Daniel Rafferty, is a creature composed of body and soul and made to the image and likeness of God, in order to know Him, to love Him, and serve Him in this world, and to be happy with Him forever in the next. Therefore a perfect man is a creature with body and soul perfectly developed, who knows God perfectly, loves Him perfectly, and serves Him perfectly in this world, and is consequently certain of going to enjoy Him perfectly in the next. Such, and nothing else is the object of the Catholic school."

"Our grand system of public schools —" began the lawyer.

"Pardon me, Dan," interrupted the priest, "let me

state my reasons for what I have just said; then you will see my precise position, and we will be spared a deal of aimless discussion.

"First, I said that the Catholic school trains the child to *know* God. From the very kindergarten where the babies are told in pictures and story of God and God's Mamma and of the bright angels and saints, until the graduation class, where a priest skilled in theology comes constantly to explain Scripture and Tradition to the inquiring pupils,— the Catholic school trains the child to know God.

"Secondly, it trains the child to *love* God. The love of God is not learned in a day. Jesus Christ has taught us how to learn it: by thinking and reflecting on His divine life, His birth in the stable, His boyhood at Nazareth, His preaching, His miracles, His death and resurrection, His dwelling with us in the Blessed Eucharist, His holy grace given through the sacraments, His final coming as our Judge. It is by thinking and reflecting on these elevating truths, day after day, year after year, that our dull earthly minds rise to a strong love of God. And this is done in the Catholic school.

"Thirdly, the Catholic school trains the child to *serve* God. To serve God is to do His holy will — to observe His divine law. This law He has made known to us partly by reason, partly by revelation. We can understand this law and apply it correctly to our daily actions only after a thorough and persevering course of instruction in the doctrines of the Catholic Church, for she is the one, sole agent appointed by God to teach and interpret His law. Whoever undertakes the difficult task of interpreting the divine law without the guidance of the Church is doomed to fall into error.

Look at the legislators of this country — intelligent, honest-minded men for the most part — they tried to interpret the divine law without the guidance of the Church, and into what deplorable errors have they not fallen! Why, there is practically not a State in the Union where willful child murder and adulterous second marriages are not allowed under certain conditions. You, Dan, are a lawyer; you ought to appreciate the force of this argument. The Catholic school teaches the child the true divine law; it teaches the child to serve God.

"Fourthly, the Catholic school prepares the child to be *happy with God forever in heaven.* And any system of so-called education that is not daily training the child to overcome the dangers to this eternal happiness, that is not making the child, day by day, more certain of attaining to this eternal happiness, is not education. It is failing in its foremost duty — it is sailing under false colors — it is taking the parents' money under deceitful pretenses — it is committing crying injustice, irreparable injury against the child."

"My child enjoys all the benefits you have enumerated," said the lawyer sullenly, "without going to the Catholic school. It learns its Catechism at home and goes to instructions on Sunday."

"And will a dry instruction, given from time to time, suffice to make that child really know, love, and serve God? I maintain it will not, no more than a dry instruction, given from time to time on the art of walking, will teach a child to walk that is kept strapped to a bed; no more than a dry instruction, given from time to time on the art of music, will make an expert pianist of a child that has never seen that instrument. To learn to walk, a child must be permitted to use its

limbs and to try from morning till night, day after day. To learn instrumental music, the child must be given the use of the instrument, and must be directed, corrected, and drilled. To learn to know, love, and serve God, the child must be taught to use its thoughts, its desires, its words, its actions for this purpose. This idea must be kept before its mind by what it sees and hears and reads and admires. It must, in a word, live in an atmosphere of the love and service of God. The book from which it learns this art of arts must be living — living with the very life it is destined to impart. The child must read the eternal truths, not merely on the dead printed page, but in the lives of its teachers. And the teachers in the Catholic school are just such living books; they are the sisters and brothers who in their daily lives seek above all to know, love, and serve God in this world, and to attain to happiness with Him forever in the next."

"I am Viola's father; it is for me to judge where she is to be educated!"

"You are Viola's father," repeated the priest. "That is the strongest reason why you should send her to a Catholic school. You are her father, but you are not the absolute master of her soul and body. Your child has been baptized; it has been made a child of God and an heir to the kingdom of heaven. God has entrusted this, His own, child to your keeping, and where do you mean to educate it? In the public school where its Father, God, is never mentioned — where its Father, God, is ignored, as though he were of less importance than Secretary Bryan? If you act thus, will you dare to appear before God's judgment seat and give an account of God's child that was entrusted to your care?

"You are Viola's father. But is it not the duty of a father to leave his treasures to his children? The greatest treasure you possess is your holy faith. If you hope that this treasure will pass to your child, send that child to the Catholic school. You hope that while you are expiating your faults in the fires of purgatory, that child will be praying for your poor soul. If you wantonly squander all the money that you should leave that child, it will probably not pray for you because it will feel hurt at your injustice towards it. If you send your child to the public school, it will probably not pray for you because its faith will be ruined, and it will no longer believe either in prayer or purgatory."

"I was educated in the public school," said Rafferty proudly, "and I have not lost my faith."

"Then you should thank God for His special care of you and not use it as a pretext for insulting Him. You were educated in a public school and did not lose your faith, but don't I know as well as you that the only reason why your good mother did not send you to a Catholic school was because there was none here in those days! In a case of that kind God will give extraordinary protection to the faith of the child, provided both parents and pastor take special care to supply the defect. But is it not tempting God to expect Him to give this extraordinary protection when it is easy to send the child to the Catholic school? Will the parents give this special care to the home training of the child when they are too lukewarm to send it to the Catholic school while they could so easily do so? You were educated in the public school and did not lose your faith, but your child must face temptations a thousand times fiercer than those you overcame. Will you

expose your child to the danger of eternal damnation by sending it forth to grapple with these temptations without the shield and weapons which God had prepared for it in the Catholic school?"

"My child knows its catechism as well as any child in the Catholic school."

"But does it know, love, and serve God as well as any child in the Catholic school? I maintain that the chances are ten to one it does not. An experienced priest can tell in one minute from the language and behavior of any child he meets on the street, whether it was trained in the Catholic school. Why, the faith of the child is strengthened by the very religious dress the sisters wear. How well Protestants understand this! Mark the fierce fight they made against the religious garb in the Indian schools! Remember no religion was taught in these schools, no Catholic emblems were displayed, but still the Protestants declared: 'The very garb worn by the sisters will help to win the affection of the pupils for the religion the sisters profess.'

"To say that the puplic school child will know, love, and serve God as well as the Catholic school child," continued Father Casey, "is to deny the most ordinary principles of common sense. It is to say that a child that is learning of the mysteries of God's mercy, power, and goodness, day after day, from the pictures, the ceremonies, the books, the persons that continually surround it, knows and loves God no better than the child that hears of God only once or twice a week, and sees that He is carefully excluded from the school room to give place to more important topics, such as, physiology, the study of man's digestive organs, or zoölogy, the study of bears and apes.

"The great Archbishop of St. Paul, Minnesota,

after making the experiment, declared that it is not even sufficient to have a class in catechism every day after school, the school itself must be Catholic, thoroughly and entirely Catholic. 'Let religion so dominate the class room,' he said, 'that its precepts and practices shall permeate the souls of the children, even as the air permeates their bodies and becomes in them very nature, throbbing with every throb of their hearts, thinking with every thought of their minds. Only religion, engrained in their very beings, will enable your pupils to hold themselves through life firm in the path of duty, however fierce the storms they may encounter.'

"The words of the Duke of Wellington are even stronger," continued the priest. (Evidently he had not forgotten the quotations he used in his last sermon on education.) "He says, 'Teach your children the three R's and leave out the great R of religion, and you will produce a fourth R, rascaldom and get a nation of devils.'

"Our Catholic people believe with the Archbishop and the Duke, and they are living up to their convictions. See what they are doing. There are in this country today 5,488 Catholic parish schools with an attendance of nearly a million and a half. That means that 5,488 parish priests and their assistants have taken upon themselves the heavy and often disheartening burden of conducting a Catholic school, and that some two million parents have freely and voluntarily doubled their already exorbitant taxes in order to give their children a Catholic school. These priests and people are not fools. Would they impose these well-nigh insupportable burdens upon themselves if the best

interests of the children would be equally well provided for in the public school?"

"Your Catholic schools are not so much," growled the lawyer, "I've seen people brought up in them go wrong more than once."

"Some of Our Lord's desciples went wrong; does that prove that His teaching was no better than that of the pagan Romans? Some of Our Lord's disciples went wrong; but, with one exception, they afterwards repented, and died true to the Redeemer. And just this is the ultimate object of the Catholic school — a good death. It is true that the man educated in the Catholic school remains a weak human being, he may fall into sin. But there is always strong grounds to hope that he will rise again. The impression, made on his heart while a child by long years of Christian training, cannot be effaced. It will assert itself in hours of solitude and thought, in hours of affliction, or at least in the dread hour of death. And the man, who in his youth thoroughly learned of the boundless mercy of God, and of the means of obtaining pardon for sin, will almost invariably make use of these means and experience the consoling effects of this mercy."

"But," said Rafferty, "the Catholic school is poorly built and unsanitary — the books and instruments cannot be compared with those of the public school."

"And whose fault is that?" asked Father Casey. "Is it the fault of the poor hard-working Catholic who denies himself every little comfort and pleasure in order to build a Catholic school, poor though it be, for the children of the parish? Or is it the fault of the carping, critical Catholic who will never move a finger to help the good cause, and then seeks to defend his

ignoble conduct by saying, 'It is unsanitary'? It is unsanitary to sit behind a hedge in the wet and cold and study your lesson, but that is where many of your ancestors and mine, Dan, received their Christian education. For the sturdy Catholics of those days dreaded the dangers to their children's faith in a sanitary anti-Catholic school, accordingly they wrapped them up in their tattered garments and sent them off to learn of God and heaven in the 'Hedge Schools' of Ireland."

"But all this praying and catechism and Bible history in the Catholic school — the children waste their time and learn nothing."

"And why is *time* given to us? To prepare for *eternity*. Which is the better preparation for eternity, the Catholic or the public school? When your child stands before the judgment seat of Jesus Christ to give an account of its use of time, do you think that it will regret to say that it spent some of it in the Catholic school learning to know and serve God?"

"My child has to make its way in the world, just as I have done. For that it needs arithmetic, grammar, and so forth; these branches are better taught in the public school."

"Dan, a Catholic should blush to make such an objection. When our ancestors were dying of famine, they were invited to send their children to the anti-Catholic schools. And there were worldly advantages to be derived from sending them to these schools — the advantage of warm and plentiful food for those who were starving. But they died martyrs to their faith rather than send them to the 'Soupers' Schools' and sell their souls for bread. And will you, a descendant of these heroic ancestors, send your child to the schools saturated with the poison of religious in-

difference and sell its soul for some petty worldly advantage? Even in this miserable bargain you will be cheated. There are not more worldly advantages to be gained in the public schools. The graduates from our schools often have the offer of two positions where the graduates of the public schools have none. The first qualities that employers seek are honesty and industry; and they know that these qualities are acquired in the Catholic school. The public schools have not only lost the fundamental idea of education by excluding religion, but even in minor studies they have become entangled in numberless fads — the fad of coeducation, the fad of sex hygiene, the fads of excessive calesthenics and manual training — so much so, that thousands of children come forth from the public schools each year who cannot write a legible letter nor spell correctly a dozen consecutive words nor work a simple sum in arithmetic."

"There is no use in talking to me," said the man of the big motor car. "I've made up my mind, and that settles it. The law obliges me to support the public school. I am not going to let that money go to waste and pay a second time in order to send my child to the Catholic school."

"I thought all along that your main argument came, not from your head, but from your pocketbook," said Father Casey.

THE BANQUET — AND AFTER

"Father Timothy Casey," cried the faithful old housekeeper, who had, by the authority of long service, acquired a sort of suzerainty over the good priest's wardrobe, "you're not dreaming of going out to the grand banquet in honor of President Wilson in that horrid green coat!"

"Why, Hannah," said Father Casey, looking regretfully at the old coat which had been his companion for many a season in sunshine and storm, and which had such a comfortable and homelike feeling about it, "sure you don't mean to tell me that green is a color to be ashamed of!"

To this tantalizing remark Hannah's only answer was a disdainful sniff, as she bounced out of the room to fetch his new broadcloth Prince Albert, a recent gift from the sodality. Father Casey put on the grand coat with a sigh and left the house.

The banquet was a success beyond the fondest hopes of the entertainment committee. Next to Father Casey sat one of the leading physicians of the city, the renowned Doctor Bustanoby. Though a non-Catholic, he had been for years on moderately intimate terms with the priest. This evening the doctor had given himself up for the first hour or so to the pleasures of the table, and now he felt in prime condition for a spicy little discussion of some kind. He saw the opportunity he sought in Father Casey. Pushing his chair in a chummy way nearer the priest, he said:

"Father Casey, you and I have met amid at least a thousand varying circumstances during the past

years. I say without flattery that you have always and invariably impressed me as a clear-headed, straightforward American. And therefore how you of all men can actually believe that a word from you will take away a man's sins is something that — that — well, that gets my goat!"

"Indeed!" was Father Casey's illuminating reply.

Clearly, the chances for a discussion were not promising; the doctor tried again.

"Don't hesitate to call me to task, Father Casey, if I am going too far, but honestly it would interest me deeply to hear how you satisfy your mind on a belief which appears diametrically opposed to modern learning and common sense."

Now it should be observed that Father Casey had a few inflexible principles, and one of them was this: never to tolerate the popular fallacy that a Catholic must do nothing but meekly strive to answer the questions and refute the objections of his non-Catholic adversary. Indeed the good priest believed in carrying the war into the enemy's country and doing a fair share of the quizzing and objecting himself.

"Doctor, suppose a man knowing absolutely nothing about gasoline engines were to ask you how on earth you expected to start your big car by standing in front of it and turning a crank; and even after you had told him that that was the natural way to start such a machine, suppose he would laugh at your explanation, what would you answer?"

"It would be useless to answer anything to such a fellow until he had first learned the fundamental principles of gasoline engines in general."

"Doctor, the Catholic Church is, so to speak, a great gasoline engine. Go and learn the fundamental

principles upon which she works; then come to me, and I shall gladly explain to your complete satisfaction the forgiveness of sins in Confession or any other of her numerous operations. To try to explain it to you before that would only cause us both to lose our time and perhaps our temper into the bargain."

"Father Casey," said the doctor drawing himself up while there was evidence of a strong outward pressure on his broad white shirt front, "I have long ago mastered the fundamental principles of the Catholic Religion."

"Congratulations!" cried the priest; "I had never dreamed that your education extended thus far; we now have one topic in common which both thoroughly understand. Let me see — some of the principal points wherein Catholics and non-Catholics differ are: the doctrine on grace, free will and predestination, the doctrine on the infallibility of the Pope, Purgatory, indulgences, the veneration of Saints and images, Holy Mass, the Real Presence, and your besetting difficulty, the forgiveness of sin in Confession. So you know, at least in substance, what the Catholic Church teaches on all these points. Now, for instance, state briefly what she teaches on the celebrated question of grace, free will and predestination."

"Aw, come now, Father Casey, you know I don't mean that I have made a thorough investigation of all such fine technical points as that!"

"Fine, technical points! Why, man, don't you know that it was precisely on this point that the so-called reformers broke away from the Catholic Church and founded Protestantism! Well then, since you know nothing about that, you may try your luck at Papal infallibility."

"Ah, that's an easy one. Papal infallibility means that the Pope can't make a mistake."

"To go out without an umbrella and get soaked in a shower is a mistake; couldn't the Pope do that?"

"Oh, that's not it. Infallibility means that he cannot make a mistake about religion — morals and religion."

"My morals and religion are all right — at least for the sake of argument we'll suppose they are. Does the doctrine of infallibility teach that the Pope couldn't make a mistake and judge me a criminal and a heretic, and —?"

"That's it; that's an example of what your Church teaches by Papal infallibility!"

"Slowly, Doctor; that's an example of your ignorance. The Church teaches nothing of the kind. One more chance: What does the Church mean by Purgatory?"

"She means a place where Catholics go after they're dead."

"All Catholics?"

"No — not all Catholics — the bad ones — the bad ones go there — and then you buy masses to bail them out," cried the doctor triumphantly.

"The Church teaches that all who die as bad Catholics go to hell. Once there nothing in existence will ever 'bail them out.' Doctor, you have not correct ideas about a single Catholic doctrine. Any child in the catechism class could show you where you are wrong!"

"Well, Father Casey, I suppose I must admit the impeachment," cried the doctor with a hearty laugh. "Give me a black mark in catechism, and send me to the foot of the class. However I have one little ex-

cuse to offer for my ignorance, and it is this: I never in my life went to the trouble of taking a course in Catholic doctrine."

"Your excuse is as poor as your recitation. Your willful neglect in this matter is without doubt blameworthy."

"Blameworthy!" shouted the doctor. "For me, a Protestant, not to study your religion, blameworthy! What do you mean?"

"With your permission, Doctor, I could show my meaning better by a similitude."

"Father Casey, you're the very deuce for similitudes! Well, fire away!"

"Let us try to imagine a man — well educated on most points, possessed of means, fairly influential — let us imagine such a man having at the same time none but the most hazy, distorted ideas on civil government. Let us suppose that he knows very little about civil government in general and still less about his own, the American government, in particular. He does not know what bodies make the laws in the country, nor by what power they make them, and he knows very few of the laws that they have made. He has on all sides ample opportunities for learning, but he refuses to make use of them. What would you think of such a man?"

"Such a man, if it were possible for him to exist, would be both a knave and a fool."

"Why?"

"He would be a knave because by his wilful ignorance of the ordinary laws of the land he would put himself in constant danger of violating the strict rights of others, assured to them by law, and furthermore, being a man of influence, he would by his conduct lead

many to practice a like disregard for the law. He would be a fool, for, knowing nothing of the laws of the land, he would undoubtedly transgress many of them, and thus bring upon himself heavy losses and punishments in the form of fines and imprisonment."

"But, Doctor, how can you hold him responsible, since he does not even know enough about civil government to realize what risks he is taking by his ignorance of the laws?"

"If he does not realize it, it is his own fault. Wherever he goes he sees that the influence of the government is there in some form or other; every one he meets is affected by it; if he does not realize his obligation of investigating what bearing this ever present power should have upon his conduct, it is because he deliberately shuts his eyes to the fact."

"Doctor, you are strong and pointed in your condemnation of the man who willfully neglects to learn the principles of civil government, but I tell you honestly that I cannot see how you, yourself, escape the same condemnation for neglecting to study the fundamental principles of the Catholic Religion."

"Why, the comparison is preposterous —!"

"Listen, Doctor; you have had wide experience with men; among those whom you have met are hundreds, whose intelligence and honesty you cannot doubt, who, being well instructed Catholics, know exactly what the Catholic Church is, and who are firmly convinced that it is the highest duty of every human being to belong to that Church and regulate his conduct by her teaching. Secondly, you have traveled extensively, and in every country on the face of the earth which you have visited, you have found there the Catholic Church; you have found there men and

women devoted heart and soul to her; you have found there her places of worship from the peerless cathedral that cost the fortune of a kingdom and centuries of time in the building to the bamboo chapel that cost the life blood of a devoted Missionary. Thirdly, you have read history, and there you have seen that the Catholic Church stands unrivaled — alone — in her immense influence in molding the destinies of men and of nations. She stood out as the power most loved or most hated in the world during the first 300 years after Christ, when the world empire of Rome strove to crush her by bloody persecutions; she stood out as the power most loved or most hated in the world during the transition of the tribes of northern Europe from barbarism to Christianity — during the life of Arianism and the other heresies of early times — during the mighty struggle between the Popes and the emperors of the Holy Roman Empire of Germany — during the crusades when a whole continent united for the recovery of the Holy Land — during the Protestant Reformation (or better, Protestant Revolt) of the sixteenth century — during the social revolution that began in France and overran Europe a century ago — during the recent upbuilding of the nations of modern Europe — in fact, even during the year 1914 that has just closed. Fourthly, you are acquainted with statistics; you know that this Church which should, after the manner of other institutions, be now decrepit and dying of old age, this Church 'oft doomed to death, yet fated not to die,' has at present over 301 million members, that 16 million of them are your own fellow countrymen here in free America, and that every day men of intelligence and learning are renouncing their former beliefs in order

to enter the Catholic Church. These facts prove to any thinking mind that either the Catholic Church is the true Church, upheld and guided by the power of God, or she is the most gigantic fraud ever devised by the mind of man. Which of these two views is the correct one you do not know, because you have never investigated the doctrines and claims of the Catholic Church. You know that the Catholic Church teaches that every human being is bound by the divine law to believe in her and follow her teaching in all his relations with God, with his neighbor, and with himself. If she is the true Church, then you are sinning against God, your neighbor, and yourself by not obeying her. Hence it is your bounden duty to convince yourself whether she is the true Church or not. But this you cannot honestly do without a careful investigation from reliable sources of her doctrines and the grounds upon which she bases them. Neither have you any lawful excuse for neglecting this investigation. There are numberless books, for instance, the well-known Catholic Encyclopædia, wherein these things are clearly set forth by men who knew whereof they wrote. Then there is the living voice — every priest in the land is ready for the asking to give you a detailed course of instruction."

At that moment the toastmaster rapped for silence, and the Mayor rose to address the President. The next morning Father Casey was sorting his mail, the desk telephone rang.

"This is Doctor Bustanoby," said a voice; "I thought of calling on you this evening to arrange a course in Christian doctrine."

"Come right along, Doctor; you're welcome as the flowers of May," said Father Casey.

"You might have left it behind you, for all the good it will do. Sure he couldn't say Mass with that."

"Of course he could. Isn't it first-class imported wine?"

"But it came from the saloon. Don't I mind the time when Father O'Callahan, our parish priest in the old country, made Peter walk ten good miles early Sunday morning to get a bottle of wine from the Monks, rather than say Mass with wine from the saloon keeper across the street, and don't I mind the day —"

"Come, come, Mrs. Carr," cried Father Casey, stalking into the room where a few faithful members of the Altar Society were mending vestments, "if you would use your needle more and your tongue less, these good ladies would not have to wear their fingers off trying to finish up the work."

"Indeed, Father Tim, it's delicate fingers they have if all the sewing they do would wear them off."

"Well, one thing I know; everything about the altar of this church, everything worn by the priest and the servers, is the talk of the town, it is so neat and tasty. You can put the blame for that where you like. But tell me the cause of all this disturbance. You were preaching a sermon when I came in, Mrs. Carr; what was the text?"

"Here, Reverend Father, is the text," said Mrs. Ridgely, unwrapping a quart bottle of wine. "The

saloon keeper's wife across the way called me when she saw me coming to the church, and asked me to bring you this present. They just had a case imported from France. She said you could use it on the altar."

"And I told her you could do no such thing — you couldn't say Holy Mass with wine that had been in a saloon. Of course, I don't blame Mrs. Ridgely for not knowing better, seeing she is a convert."

"Wherefore we do blame you for making such a foolish statement, seeing you are not a convert. It is clear you were wool-gathering while the old schoolmaster was explaining that part of the catechism."

"But didn't Father O'Callahan, our parish priest in the old country, tell us he couldn't say Mass with wine from the saloon?"

"That is not because the wine had been in the saloon, but because there is always danger that saloon wine is not the pure juice of the grape."

"And would that make a very great difference, Father?" asked Mrs. Spiess, a demure little widow of sixty.

"So much difference," said Father Casey, "that should a priest, even unknowingly, say Mass with wine which was made, in great part, from anything else but grapes, it would be no Mass at all."

"What is the reason of that, Father?" asked Mrs. Ridgely.

"I will tell you the reason: we cannot have any sacrament unless we use the *material* which Our Divine Savior has designated for that sacrament. For the sacrament of Holy Eucharist, or Holy Mass, He has designated bread made from wheaten flour and wine made from grapes. Therefore, if the priest should accidentally use hosts made from anything but wheaten

flour, or if he should use wine made from currants, or wine which was very strongly adulterated with whiskey, or which had soured into vinegar, the Mass would be invalid — it would be no Mass at all."

"Please, Father, explain all that to us; it will be so interesting."

"Yes, Father Casey, please do," came several voices in chorus.

"The explanation is short and simple, and when I shall have finished, you will say that you knew it all long ago. The seven sacraments have been instituted by Christ to give grace. Christ could quite as easily give us this grace without any such external sign as a sacrament, but for good reasons He chooses not to do so. But if the external sign was not clearly defined we would not know when we received this grace and when we did not. Therefore Christ Himself has pointed out the *material thing,* as well as the *formula of words* which He wishes to be used for each sacrament. Therefore if we use the *material* and the *formula* which Christ has instituted we have the sacrament; if we fail to use the one or the other we have no sacrament. A sacrament is made up of a combination of *material things* and *human words,* but no combinations of *material things* and *human words* have the *divine* power of conferring grace except those to which a Divine Person has given that power. But do not think that all the words and actions of the priest while administering a sacrament are absolutely necessary for the validity of that sacrament. No, they are mostly ceremonies, which the Church has added to the original *material* and *formula* instituted by Christ, in order to safeguard the reverence due to such holy things as the sacraments.

"For instance, in the sacrament of Holy Eucharist the only words that pertain to the *formula* instituted by Christ are the words which the priest pronounces at the Consecration while bending over the altar with the host or the chalice in his hand: 'This is My Body — This is the chalice of My Blood, of the new and eternal testament, which shall be shed for you and for many unto the remission of sins.' All the other words of the Mass are merely prayers added by the Church.

"In like manner, in Baptism, pouring water on the head of the person to be baptized and saying at the same time: 'I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,' contitute the *material* and *formula* instituted by Christ. Everything else — the salt which is put in the person's mouth, the Holy Oil with which he is anointed, the lighted candle, the white cloth — all are merely ceremonies added by the Church, but they are ceremonies full of deep and beautiful meaning. If some mistake were made in these ceremonies it would not interfere with the validity of the sacrament."

"What are the *material* and *formula* instituted by Christ to make up the sacraments of Confirmation?"

"The *material* is Holy Chrism, or a mixture of olive oil and balm blessed by the Bishop. Balm is the sweet-smelling juice of the olive tree, and olive oil is the liquid pressed from olives —"

"In this heathen country it is pressed from cotton seeds," interposed Mrs. Carr.

"If such oil were used, the Confirmation would be null and void. But you may rest assured the Bishop takes good care about that, Mrs. Carr. However, I'm half inclined to think you must have been confirmed with cotton-seed oil, you're such a poor Christian."

"Don't mind her, Father Casey, but tell us the rest about Confirmation."

"Holy Chrism is the *material,* but while anointing you with it the Bishop must impose his hand over your head, for the imposition of hands pertains to the substance of this sacrament as well as the anointing with oil. The *formula* which he must recite is this: 'I sign thee with the sign of the cross, and I confirm thee with the Chrism of salvation, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.'

"Oil blessed by the Bishop is also the *material* of the sacrament of Extreme Unction, but here it is not mixed with balm. The priest begins by anointing your eyes, and while doing so he must repeat the *formula:* 'By this holy anointing and through His most sweet mercy may the Lord forgive whatever sins thou hast committed through thy sight.' He repeats the same *formula* while anointing the other senses except that he changes the last word and, instead of 'sight,' says 'hearing,' 'smell,' 'taste or speech,' 'touch,' 'step,' accordingly as he is anointing the ears, nostrils, lips, hands, or feet.

"The *material* in the sacrament of Holy Orders is simply the hands of the Bishop imposed upon the head of the candidate for the priesthood. Some theologians think that the consecrated chalice, etc., which the Bishop places in the hands of the candidate, is also part of the *material* of this sacrament, but others say that all this is merely a ceremony added by the Church. Indeed, the ceremonies which surround the conferring of Holy Orders are perhaps the most beautiful ever witnessed in this world. If one of them were omitted, the newly made priest, though validly ordained, is forbidden to say Mass until he goes privately to the Bishop

and has the omitted ceremony supplied. The *formula* is a long prayer — which I do not know by heart and which I shall therefore pass over in silence."

"When I was taking instructions, Father, I was taught that Confession is a sacrament; but I am sure I never seen any *material* used there."

"It is there nevertheless, Mrs. Ridgely. The *material* is your sin, or, to be more exact, your sin is the *remote material,* and the actions you perform relative to that sin — your sorrow for it and your confession of it — constitute the *proximate material.* If you went to confession and had no sin, you would have no *remote material,* and the confession would be invalid. Or, again, if you neglected to perform the requisite acts of confession and contrition relative to that sin, you would have no *proximate material* and your confession would be invalid.

"The *formula* in this sacrament is the absolution pronounced by the priest: 'I absolve you from your sins in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.' So, ladies, there you have the doctrine —"

"You have forgotten the sacrament of Matrimony," suggested the demure little Widow Spiess.

"Do you mind how she keeps her eye on the sacrament of Matrimony," said Mrs. Carr.

"Christian Matrimony is nothing else than the natural contract of marriage raised by Christ to the dignity of a sacrament, therefore, the *material* and the *formula* of the sacrament are simply the *material* and the *formula* of the contract by which a man and woman accept each other for husband and wife.

"Now since I have explained to you the *material* and the *formula* instituted by Christ for each of the

seven sacraments, I think it is time for me to go back to the house and give Mrs. Carr a chance to talk. Only remember that these two elements must never be so far separated as to destroy the natural union which should exist between them. If necessity ever obliges one of you ladies to baptize a dying child, do not pour the water on its head and then wait a full minute before you say: 'I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost,' for if you do, this Baptism will be null and void, and the baby will die with original sin upon its soul."

"Thank you, Father, for your instructive little talk," called out Mrs. Spiess after the departing priest. "There are so many beautiful and instructive truths to be learned about our holy faith that I really think we old ladies ought to start to catchism again."

"Glory be to God! Start to catechism again! The next thing we know she will have the whole Altar Society chewing gum and wearing pinafores!" said Mrs. Carr.

A WEEK OF SORROW

The reason why Father Casey's tired face brightened with a happy smile as he rapped at the class room door of the third grade girls, was simply this: he expected a treat. Sister Elberta believed that faithful children of the Church should live according to the spirit of the Church — weep when she weeps and rejoice when she rejoices. That is why Sister Elberta prepared the children for all the feasts of the Church by an explanation so simple and striking that even the tiniest tot in the class could understand. Father Casey used to say that it profited him more than a meditation to drop into that class on any vigil and ask the children for an explanation of the morrow's feast. But to-day was the beginning of Holy Week — the most solemn series of feasts in the whole Church's year, — no wonder he expected a treat.

The murmur that followed, "Good morning, Father," was condoned even by that perfect disciplinarian, Sister Elberta, for she knew that it was a murmur of pleasure at the sight of the priest whom the children loved. As soon as Father Casey took his place at the desk, they dropped quietly into their seats, and every girl in that room passed her hand over curls or ruffles or laces with a sort of is-my-hat-on-straight movement. How early in life they learn the art — these wily daughters of Eve! I was about to add that even saintly Sister Elberta shook out her veil into more graceful folds, but that was a rash judgment,— she was merely nodding her head at Nellie Carr who deftly

took out the gum she had been chewing on the sly and pasted it under the desk for future unlawful use.

"What feast do we celebrate to-morrow?"

"Spy Wednesday," came the answering chorus.

"Who can tell me why it is called Spy Wednesday?"

Every right hand in the room was raised. The priest saw how anxious Eileen Curran was to show off the brand new green ribbons that decked her red hair, so out of sheer pity he called her; besides he knew the answer would be short, as Eileen did not shine in long answers.

"It was called Spy Wednesday," said Eileen, "because the bad men were spying on Jesus to catch Him and kill Him."

"Good; and what do we call the next day?"

"Maundy Thursday," repeated the chorus.

"Bridget O'Rourke, why do we call it that?"

"Because on that day the Kings of England used to distribute baskets of food to the poor. The old name for a basket was *maund,* and so they called it Maundy Thursday."

"Tell us, Bridget, what happened to Jesus on Maundy Thursday."

"On Maundy Thursday the Disciples followed Jesus around and didn't hardly say a word all day, they felt so bad,— all except Judas."

"Why did they feel bad?"

"Because they heard Jesus tell the Blessed Virgin good-by the day before and say that He was going to Jerusalem to die. In the afternoon Jesus told St. Peter and St. John to go in town to Jerusalem and get the Paschal Supper ready."

"What was the Paschal Supper."

"It was the religious service the Jews used to have to remind themselves of the night God took them out of Egypt and drowned Pharaoh and his army in the Red Sea. This was the last time Jesus took supper with the Disciples and that is why it was called the Last Supper. When the Supper was over Jesus was so solemn and He looked at the Disciples so tenderly that they knew that He was going to do something wonderful to show how much He loved them. Then He took a piece of bread and a cup or chalice of wine and looked up to heaven, and everybody was so quiet they would hardly breathe, and He changed that bread and wine into His own Body and Blood and gave it to His Disciples. That was their First Holy Communion. After that He ordained them Priests and gave them and their successors power to change bread and wine into His Body and Blood just as He had done. During that time Judas slipped out and went to the Jews and said, 'How much will you give me and I'll betray Jesus.' And they said, 'Thirty pieces of silver money.' And Judas said, 'All right.' Some of the other Disciples didn't make a very good First Communion because they were not devout,— they were thinking how to get money and other selfish thoughts instead of listening to what Jesus was saying to them. Sister says that sometimes we act the same way when we go to Holy Communion. It made Jesus very sad to think how badly the Disciples and we and other people receive Holy Communion, so He got up and said, 'Let us go.' And they went out the north gate of the city and down along the valley of the Brook Cedron to the Garden of Olives, and Jesus was talking to the Disciples very lovingly all the way. After they were all in the garden He asked them to please

sit up and wait for Him, and He went off a little ways to where an olive tree made a black shadow in the moonlight and knelt down. But they didn't seem to care; they all fell asleep and left Him to suffer alone. Then His agony began; He saw that if He wanted to save us He would have to take all our sins upon Himself and suffer for them. And He saw all the horrid, frightful sins that every man, woman, and child would ever commit till the end of the world, and He hated sin so much that He didn't want to take them upon Himself. He saw too the whips and the crown of thorns and the big nails and He knew how frightfully they would hurt and He didn't want to suffer them. And He asked God the Father if there was any other way to save us. But there wasn't. So He said, 'Father, if this chalice cannot pass away without I drink it, Thy will be done.' But it was, O, such a struggle for Jesus to say that, that He fell right down with His face on the ground, and where the moon shone through the olive leaves you could see that He was sweating big drops of blood.

"Then there was a lot of noise in the garden and all the Disciples jumped up and saw a crowd coming — soldiers and men with clubs and Judas was leading them. Judas said, 'The man that I kiss is Jesus; hold Him tight so He can't get away.' And He kissed Jesus, and they arrested Him and took Him to a big room in a basement and took off His clothes and tied Him to a pillar and whipped Him as hard as they could until the whips made deep cuts all over His body. They kept on whipping into the cuts until the cuts got so deep that you could see the bones, and little pieces of His flesh would stick to the whips and fly around the room. And Jesus had to suffer all that be-

cause people commit immodest sins, which are called sins of the flesh. After a while they got so tired they quit. One of them cut the rope that tied Jesus to the pillar; but Jesus was so weak He couldn't stand. He fell down on the stone floor in a pool of His own blood. When they got rested they kicked Him and made Him get up, then they said, 'He called Himself a King. Let us give Him a royal robe and a crown.' So they picked up an old ragged cloak from the floor, that the soldiers used to wipe their feet on, and wrapped it around Jesus, and it filled all His sores with dirt. After that they went out and pulled up some bushes with big thorns on them and made a crown or hat and put it on Jesus and pushed it down with their iron gloves until the thorns struck His skull and they couldn't push it any further. So they took a stick and hammered the thorns till the points of some of them came out over His eyes and over His ears, and some of them went clean through His skull and into His brain. Jesus would have died right there but He kept Himself alive by a miracle so He could suffer more for us. After blindfolding Him they hit Him in the mouth with a stick and said, 'If you're God and know everything, tell us who hit you.' And some of them would go and spit right in His face.

"Most of this happened after midnight Maundy Thursday night. Good Friday morning, about ten o'clock or so, they told Him to take His cross and carry it to Calvary. His shoulder was cut to the bone and the heavy cross pressed down into the sore and hurt like everything, and His eyes were full of blood so He could hardly see, and every once in a while His feet would get tangled up in His long coat, and He would fall, and the cross would fall on top of Him.

Then they would kick Him and make Him get up and go on. The Blessed Virgin came to meet Him, and when she saw what they were doing to Him, it just broke her heart. When they got to the top of the hill they pulled off the clothes that were sticking to His sores and opened them all up again. Then they hammered big blunt nails through His right hand and His two feet, but His left hand wouldn't reach far enough so they tied a rope around it and pulled it with all their might till they got it where they wanted it, then they nailed it there. Then they dug a deep hole and lifted up the cross with Jesus on it and let it fall into the hole with an awful jerk. They drove stakes around the cross and left Jesus hanging there and writhing like a poor worm when somebody has tramped on it. When He tried to rest His hands it hurt His feet so much more and when He tried to rest His feet it hurt His hands so much more. He was too weak to hold up His head, but if He leaned it on the side the thorns stuck in His shoulder, if He leaned it back against the cross they went deeper into His head. He was in such terrible pain that He thought, 'Isn't there anybody to comfort Me just a little bit?' He looked for His Disciples, but they had all run away except St. John; He looked at the people but they were cursing Him and making fun of Him; He looked at the Blessed Virgin but she was in such terrible anguish that it made Him feel worse to look at her; He looked up to heaven but God the Father had abandoned Him. Jesus couldn't stand any more; His heart broke, and — He — died. And Sister says it was our — our sins and — and — His love for us that made Him die."

Little Bridget had spoken faster and faster as she proceeded; her face burned like fire and her breath

came quick and fast. When she reached the end of her story big tears were running down her cheeks. All the other children were very attentive and compassionate, and even the good priest began to cough a little when there didn't seem to be any reason for it, and everybody noticed a twitching about the corners of his mouth that looked queer in Father Casey.

THE AWAKENING OF DORMANT FORCES

The clock was striking ten when Father Casey threw himself in an arm-chair before the fire. What with confessions and instructions and business and sick-calls, it had been a busy day. And now the warm dressing gown and slippers, for which he had just exchanged his wet, bespattered clothing, felt doubly comfortable as he listened to the cold rain pelting against his library window.

B-r-r-r-r! How well every priest knows the meaning of a ring at the door bell on such a night!

"Father Casey is upstairs in the library," he heard the housekeeper say. "Go right up, Mr. Kilroe, and explain it to him yourself."

Mr. Kilroe could remember when Tim Casey was "a slip of a boy," and had, I am afraid, been obliged, more than once, to threaten to call the police to check Tim and his "pals" in their mischievous pranks. But Tim grew up, Ordination day came, and from that time forward the old man saw in him no longer neighbor Casey's son, but the chosen Minister of the Most High, the consecrated Priest of God. Father Casey always felt humbled by the tender, reverent salutation of this saintly man.

"Welcome, Mr. Kilroe, though I know that you have come to drag me out my dry, warm nest. Come, stand by the fire, and tell me who wants me."

"Ah, Father Tim, 'tis that is the sad part of the

whole affair. Nobody wants you, but Our Blessed Lord wants *him* — if there is any way of saving him."

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Of a poor wreck of a man that crawled into my boiler-room to-night. 'For God's sake,' says he, 'let me get warm,' and he huddled up against the boiler. The change was too sudden; he fainted dead away. A doctor came, examined him, and called his trouble by a lot of six-foot names. 'Would you mind telling me what that means in English?' says I. 'Whiskey!' says he. It was just as I thought; he had drunk himself to death — leastways, the demon of drink had started it and then brought along other demons worse than himself to finish the job. The doctor said: 'There is nothing to be done. The change will come after midnight, and he will be dead by morning — no probability of regaining consciousness.' And he left him there with me in the boiler-room, for the poor fellow would have died on the way had we attempted to remove him to the hospital."

"Of course you don't know whether he is a Catholic."

"That's just the point, Father Tim. I found the holy Scafflers on him. And to think a Catholic must die like that and you can do nothing for him!"

"At least I can give him conditional Absolution and Extreme Unction."

"Sure he can make no confession. His reason's gone."

"That is why I must give him Absolution *conditionally*. When I get there, I will ask him if he confesses that he is a sinner and wishes to receive the sacrament of Penance. And, though he appears to be totally unconscious, there is just a faint possibility that

he may hear me and by a sigh or by the twitching of a muscle, try to say, 'Yes.' That would really be a Confession — the best he could make under the circumstances. Then the sacrament would be valid, and his sins would be forgiven. Of course he would have the obligation of confessing these sins in detail if he ever recovered. True, his chances of hearing me are very slight; that is why I must give the Absolution conditionally. By conditionally, I mean that I must have no intention of giving a real Absolution unless he is able to receive it validly.

"At any rate," continued Father Casey after a pause, "I can give him Extreme Unction, for, since he is a Catholic, he can surely receive that sacrament validly so long as there is a spark of life in his body."

"And will Extreme Unction do him any good in the condition he is in?"

"Yes. When a man cannot validly receive the sacrament of Confession, Extreme Unction will take away his sins provided he had at least imperfect contrition for them before he became unconscious."

"I'm afraid there's little chance for that, Father; he was drunk when he came in, and when the fire began to thaw him out, it threw him into such pain he cursed and blasphemed until reason left him entirely."

"Still God may give him a moment of consciousness before he dies, and, if you are beside him, helping him to be sorry for his sins at least on account of the loss of heaven and the fear of hell, the sacrament of Extreme Unction will *revive,* and he will be saved."

Father Casey hastened to put on his wet clothes and get the Holy Oils, and soon the two men were making their way through the muddy streets.

"What did you mean, Father Tim, by saying that

the sacrament of Extreme Unction would — would wake up — would come to —?"

"Would *revive?*"

"Yes; what did you mean by saying that it would *revive?*"

"You see, Mr. Kilroe, when a man receives Extreme Unction without any sorrow for his mortal sins, it cannot operate, it cannot benefit him. Those mortal sins of his would be an obstacle in its way. But no sin ever was or ever will be forgiven unless we are sorry for it. Therefore the sacrament would remain inactive, dormant in his soul, as it were, until he would remove the obstacle in its way by an act of sorrow — an act of contrition. Then the sacrament would *revive,* it would take away his sins, and he would be saved."

"Will all the other sacraments do that too?"

"Practically speaking, Confession will not do it. Before a sacrament can *revive* it must have been validly received. And since contrition is part of the proximate material of the sacrament of Confession, where there is no contrition, there is no valid sacrament."

"And Baptism?"

"When a baby receives Baptism no contrition is required, for the baby has committed no sin itself. On the other hand, if one who has already attained to the use of reason receives Baptism without any sorrow for his mortal sins, the sacrament will lie dormant until he makes an act of true contrition — then it will *revive,* otherwise there would be no means for him to get rid of his sins and save his soul.

"The same with Confirmation. If one receives it without any sorrow for his mortal sins, it will be of

no benefit to his soul. The moment he is truly sorry for his sins, however, the sacrament will *revive* and make him a strong and perfect Christian and a soldier of Jesus Christ.

"The same too with Matrimony. If a man receives this sacrament in mortal sin, for instance, after a bad Confession, it will not give him the grace to be a Christian husband and father — it will not help him to be faithful, loving, and patient towards his wife nor exemplary towards his children. But when he repairs that bad confession, the obstacle in the way of the sacrament will be removed, it will *revive,* and he will experience all its beneficial effects."

"Here we are, Father Tim."

They entered the boiler-room. It was Mr. Kilroe's only home. Death and misfortune had long ago deprived him of family and property; but no one, not even his most intimate friends, had ever been able to wring from him any other comment than this:

"God knows what is best; may His Holy Name be praised."

After Father Casey had anointed the insensible man, Mr. Kilroe wiping away the bloody froth from his lips and removing his tattered shoes, the old man asked:

"What must I do to help the sacrament to *revive?*"

"Keep a close watch, and if you notice the slightest sign of consciousness, bend over him and repeat in a clear voice the acts of faith, hope, love, and, above all, contrition; likewise such little prayers as: My Jesus mercy; Sweet Heart of Mary be my salvation. He may hear you and make in his heart an act of imperfect contrition; then the sacrament will *revive* and take away his sins, and he will die a friend of God."

While Mr. Kilroe attended to his fire, the priest lingered beside the poor drunkard, murmuring little ejaculations into his ear. But duty forbade him to remain longer, for other poor souls might be in need of his assistance that night. He put away his stole, buttoned his coat about him, and bade Mr. Kilroe good-by. At the door of the boiler-room he paused and looked back. The flame from a rusty gas jet cast its dim light over the bed in the corner, Mr. Kilroe's own bed, where the drunkard lay, and over the crucifix and the picture of the Blessed Virgin which hung on the wall above it. The old man was kneeling beside the bed, the worn beads were passing silently through his blackened fingers, and his tears were falling on the coverlet. Father Casey knew that at that moment a powerful appeal was going up to God to obtain for the outcast the one moment of consciousness that might determine his fate for all eternity.

"We thank Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, for the faith that makes such heroes," murmured Father Casey, and he gently closed the sooty door, and went out into the night.

THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE

"I believe in God the Father Almighty." The words came in a faint murmur from the front room where Barney Grogan lay in his coffin in the cleanest shave and whitest shirt front the poor old man had ever known.

"Father Tim is giving out the bades," said the cronies in the kitchen, and knocking the ashes from their pipes, they hobbled in to join in the prayers. God be praised for the living faith that made these time worn men understand the value of these prayers as well as if they could actually see Barney in the fire of purgatory and themselves reaching down their palsied hands to help him out. The rosary over, the "neighbors" crowded round for a chat with Father Casey. As the group worked its way out to the sitting room the good priest smothered a smile on seeing how three or four couples sheepishly vacated the place.

"Wisha, Father Tim," said Mrs. Finnegan, "if it weren't for the wakes we'd never have a weddin'."

The weather and the war were soon exhausted, and before he realized it, Father Casey found himself holding forth on his favorite topic, the Catholic school. John Doory, a poor, fallen-away Catholic, had been sitting there stolidly during the rosary. He now listened, his lip curled with contempt, as the priest warmed with his subject. When Father Casey paused for a moment, Doory leaned towards him and said bitterly:

"You people make a great fuss about your Catholic schools. But apply to them the Scripture test, 'By their fruits you shall know them,' and where do they stand? Every gang of toughs in the city draws largely from the Catholic schools. A considerable percentage of the inmates of our prisons and reformatories go on record as the fruits of the Catholic schools."

"Don't be unfair towards us, Mr. Doory," said Father Casey; "the fact that this tough or jail bird was once a pupil in a Catholic school, does not prove that he is the fruit of that school any more than the fact that a pumpkin was left over night in a vineyard proves that it is a grape. I need not tell you that the primary education of a child ordinarily lasts from the seventh till about the fourteenth year, or for a period of from six to seven years. Hence if a child spent two or three years in a Catholic school and the remainder of the time in a public school or in no school at all, clearly that child cannot be called the fruit of the Catholic school. Again, if the child spent about half the time each year in a Catholic school, and during the other half was sick or working or playing hookey, that child is not the fruit of the Catholic school. Applying this common sense test to your toughs and jailbirds you will find that more than half of them who are on record as products of the Catholic school are incorrectly so."

"Well, at least you admit that some of them are the product of your vaunted schools. How do you account for that? There must be something rotten about the tree that brings forth such fruit."

"I account for it by saying, in general, that the Catholic school does not deprive them of their free

will, and that a human being can, if he wishes, go astray even amid the holiest surroundings, as the apostate Judas has unhappily proved."

"So that is the only reason you have to offer," growled Doory.

"By no means," retorted Father Casey. "That is, as I said, the general reason; there is also a particular reason which entirely meets the objection you have raised. Were I to make this reason clear to you it would necessitate my going into a somewhat lengthy explanation, which your interest in the subject would scarcely warrant."

Doory made no answer, but the others, who had been eagerly drinking in every word, urged the priest to proceed. Father Casey thought for a moment and began:

"The child's real educators — the educators ordained by nature and nature's God — are the parents. They begin to educate the child, to form it for good or for evil, to some extent even before it is born; and they, whether living or dead, continue to educate it, to influence it for good or for evil, until the day it dies. The ideal education, the education that would have prevailed if our nature had not been debased and corrupted by sin, is that wherein the children receive their education from their parents. Adam, with his perfect knowledge of natural and supernatural things, acquired by the unerring investigations of his own unclouded intellect and by direct revelation from Almighty God, would have transmitted his knowledge in its integrity to the unclouded minds of his children, and they in turn to their children, and thus down the ages children would have learned every art, every science, every truth, every virtue from the word and ex-

ample of their parents. But sin has shattered this ideal, as it has shattered many another.

" Since the human mind has been clouded by sin, no parent possesses more than a small portion of the knowledge that should be imparted to the child; and no parent is capable of imparting to his child more than a small portion of the little knowledge that he does possess. Hence it is that the parent is incapable of performing unaided his duty of educating his child, and he is obliged to call in the assistance of the school. Still the parents are and remain the principal educators of their children. The education, whether for good or for evil, received in the home will affect the child ten times more, indeed, if it is for evil, it will often affect the child a hundred times more than that imparted in any school. In school the child may be taught that it is wrong to lie, but if it hears its mother lie to neighbors and callers, that child will be a liar. The child may be taught in school that it is wrong to steal, but if it hears its father relate triumphantly how he overreached his associates in business, that child will be a thief. The child may be taught in school that it should honor God and God's ministers and keep God's holy law, but if its parents curse and blaspheme God's holy Name, criticize the priest, the bishop, and the Pope, neglect prayer and Mass and sacraments, that child will sooner or later develop into a blasphemous, carping, critical, indifferent, Mass-missing Catholic. One guilty act, one guilty word, in the presence of a child, even of only three or four years, often leaves an impression which years of ' school ' are powerless to efface.

" Whenever you find that a product of the Catholic school has gone wrong, examine closely the lessons

which that child received from its principal educators, the parents; in nine cases out of ten you will find that that child was brought up in an unchristian home. Here then is the principal reason why young people who received all their school training in the Catholic school sometimes go astray."

"Lord love you, Father Tim," said Mrs. Finnegan with a catch in her voice, for her own boy Jimmie was out with a gang of toughs that very night, "would you mind explaining to us parents how we are to do our juty to our childre? Shure, you makes everything so clear — stupid as we are we can't help understanding you."

"Confound your blarney," thought Father Casey, "it's late in the day you're asking the priest to explain to you the duty of a mother, now that your own children are all grown and gone to the bad through your neglect." Still there were several younger parents present, and thinking a word in time might prove beneficial for them, he said aloud: "If parents wish to do their duty towards their children they must realize the immense power they possess in the formation of their children, and they must persevere steadfastly in making a right use of that power. I say they must *realize* their power. Parents are almost always good at heart. They do not mean to harm the souls of their children; but they never stop to reflect on the effects of their conduct. That mother who flies into a passion and uses profane and impure language in the presence of her children would cut off her right hand rather than commit this fault if she realized that she was training her children to grow up passionate, ugly-tempered, foul-mouthed men and women. That father who misses Mass with the knowledge of his children

would avoid this sin at any cost if he even dreamed that his example was, in all probability, making of his children apostates and infidels.

"Secondly, I said that the parents must *persevere* in their efforts. They should begin early in this work of education — even long before the children are born; for we know that the virtues and vices of parents are to some measure reproduced in their children. Next the parents should lovingly try to develop the good traits and restrain the bad traits of the children while they are still infants, and much more so as they approach the age of reason. They should pray for the children, teach them their prayers and see that they recite them, help them to learn their catechism, set them none but good example, permit them to associate with none but good companions, advise, instruct, encourage them, on their journey through life. This is the work in which the parents should *persevere* — persevere even when their efforts seem to bring no good results — keep bravely on sowing the good seed, the harvest must come some day; — persevere in spite of the fact that it means perpetual self-restraint and self-denial; — persevere in spite of the fact that they often fall back into their old habit of scandalizing the children — rise up at once and try again; — the children will be quick to notice the earnest effort their parents are making, and they will draw edification from it.

"When the parents, the principal educators, have thus done all in their power, then let them call to their aid the Catholic school and the zealous pastor. When this triple alliance in Catholic education, the parents, the priest, and the school, work together in harmony, they may hope for the best results."

At this point Father Casey thought he heard a few sighs of regret, and one young mother, who had never in her life missed a good time within reach, complained that he was asking too much of them for the education of their children.

"Come, Mary," continued the priest, "look the facts squarely in the face, and tell me honestly whether this is asking too much of you. Is there anything better, nay, is there anything one-half so good, to which you can devote your time, your money, your health, your faculties, your very life, as the Christian education of your children — the training of those precious charges — those sons of God — those brothers of Jesus Christ — those princes of heaven's court — those creatures of earth who, by God's grace and your help, will rise so high as to occupy during all a blissful eternity the celestial thrones left vacant by the fallen angels? The soul of your child can never be destroyed; it must live forever in heaven or in hell, and yours will be the glory or the shame. Every time a human being stands before the judgment seat of Jesus Christ three persons will be summoned to render an account of its soul: the parents, the pastor, and the teacher. If that person is damned, the parents will first of all be held responsible, if he is saved, they will receive the chief reward."

The pause that followed was finally broken by Jemmy O'Dowd, the little miserly bachelor who tended bar at Hogan's place. He said:

"Parents have a frightful responsibility. And still they do be blaming me for failing to take a wife!"

"We blame no man, Jemmy, for failing to do the impossible," said Father Casey.

SEX HYGIENE

Through the open door of his study Father Casey could distinctly hear Hannah, the housekeeper, speaking in her most elegant tone to the persons she had just admitted to the parlor:

"Be sated, if ye plaze, ma'am, while I have the 'anner to announce ye to His Reverence."

"Phew!" ejaculated the priest, "whoever they are, Hannah hates their looks; I haven't heard her talk so politely for an age."

With her nose in the air and withering sarcasm in her voice the irate housekeeper burst into the priest's room and announced:

"Eugene's Comytee!"

"Eugene's Committee?" Father Casey was puzzled. "Eugene's? — Oh I have it, Eugenic Committee!"

"Wisha, how would I know his other name? But faith, Eugene has my sympathy if he lives with *thim* around him!"

"Oh, so this is a committee of ladies?" queried the priest.

"Arrah, ladies is it? Long-nosed busybodies! A parcel of skinflints from the South Side that got all their money grinding down the working people. All the time that they're not at home coddling a poodle dog they're poking about where they're not wanted, telling dacent, poor women how to raise childre."

"Hannah, Hannah, sometimes I fear that you'll never learn to speak charitably of your neighbors."

"Maybe I won't, thin — but didn't me own cousin work her fingers to the bone for one of thim, and when she tuk sick she was turned out and could av died in a ditch for all they cared!" and Hannah stalked out to the kitchen to take revenge on the plates.

The Eugenic Committee greeted Father Casey with its most patronizing smile and proceeded at once to business. It was actuated solely by the highest philanthropic and altruistic motives. It yearned — indeed it felt that it had a mission — to save the youth of the land. There was one, and one only, means of attaining this end — the teaching of sex hygiene in the schools both public and parochial (there was sinister emphasis on "parochial" which hardly concealed the Committee's conviction that these latter were in crying need of the purifying influence of this panacea).

"Of course the Reverend Mr. Casey knew what was meant by the teaching of sex hygiene."

"I know," said the priest, "that it may mean many things; yet I am not aware which meaning the Committee has decided to give it. For instance, it may mean impressing upon the child mind from infancy a horror for the impure, a conviction of the sacredness of its own person, a watchfulness over its thoughts and desires, all of which results in making boys respectful toward girls, and girls, in certain matters, firm and reserved toward boys."

"Yes — quite so," assented the Committee, "still *we* do not actually call that the teaching of sex hygiene."

"For that matter," said the priest, "neither do we. We prefer to call it by its old name of Christian modesty rather than by the new and ugly one of sex hygiene. And as such it is taught, and always has been taught in every Catholic school."

"To be sure — indeed!" murmured the Committee, opening wide its altruistic orbs and wondering what horrid thing this Popish priest would say next.

"The teaching of sex hygiene," continued the priest, "may likewise mean training children, as all good mothers do, in the observance of the laws of cleanliness and good health."

The Committee admitted that that would be the saving science in its first rudimentary stage (thinking no doubt it would have been suited to the stone age).

"Again, it may mean that sacred intimacy which springs up between a prudent Christian mother and her growing daughters. No real *teaching,* no formal explanations, are given or required. But a word of warning or of advice dropped here and there, a timely suggestion, or a firm but kind reproof, seems to gain completely the end desired, without the regrettable evils which so often accompany it. In the case of boys it is the same, except that there is a trifle more of directness in the word of warning or advice, of suggestion or reproof, and it comes sometimes from the mother, sometimes from the father, sometimes from a doctor, a priest, or a male instructor, or even a pure minded elder brother. The proper person and the proper manner must be determined by circumstances in each individual case, for in this matter, above all others, the indiscriminate forcing of divers characters into one ready-made, hardened mold, means disaster."

The Committee was growing visibly uncomfortable. It was in the habit of doing the talking itself, and here this unspeakable priest —

Father Casey saw that he had not yet hit the mark, accordingly he tried again:

"Then, too, the teaching of sex hygiene may mean a

new branch added by law to the curriculum of the public school. I shall pass over the more moderate methods of teaching this branch; for but few of its advocates embrace them, and considering the tendency of human nature in such matters, no moderate methods could long prevail. It is a branch of science which, they say, will make our boys and girls pure. And how? By explaining to them in the class room the mystery of sex. Not in the chaste manner in which the pure maiden learns Christian modesty from her mother, but in the crude repulsive spirit of the dissecting room; not by arousing all the higher aspirations of their souls to the imitation of a St. Agnes or a St. Aloysius, but by a revolting exposure of the bodily diseases of the prostitute and the rake; not under the strengthening, elevating, purifying influence of the Catholic Church, but from the materialistic motive of mere natural well-being; in a word, not in order to teach the child to fit itself, soul and body, for the place that awaits it among the angels and saints in heaven, but in order to aid it to become a healthy human animal."

"You have, Reverend Sir," haughtily rejoined the Committee, "correctly defined what we mean by the teaching of sex hygiene, but we regret to see that your religious prejudices cloud your vision of its beauty. If you would read the works of modern educators you would find that they are convinced from experience that it is the only means of preserving the purity of our growing boys and girls."

"Modern educators!" said the priest. "Where is their logic? Where is their consistency? They have scarcely finished telling us of the powerful effects of mental suggestion in education — you need only suggest certain virtuous actions to the mind, they say, and

the will will readily embrace them. If this is true of beautiful virtues, it is also true of filthy vices. And even if it were not true of the virtues, it would still be true, as experience proves, of the vices, of at least one of them — the vice of impurity. What folly then to fill the child mind with sex representations under the plea of making it pure.

"The child, grounded in virtue by a thorough religious training, may be taught in brief, modest words, by the proper persons, all that is necessary for it to know, and still, by means of prayer and the sacraments, be saved from the evil effects of this new-found knowledge. But to send every school teacher, whether Christian or infidel, whether a believer in free love or in lawful marriage, into the open school room to feed the morbid appetites of growing boys and girls with the mystery of sex, and then to hold out to them no other means of resisting the curiosity and passions which such subjects arouse than the assurance of robust animal health! What a flimsy barrier against the overwhelming assaults of lust! As well open the Gatun dam, and then try to stay the onrushing torrent with a house of cards! If mere knowledge of the evil effect of unchastity is sufficient to make one pure, why are not all students of medicine models of this virtue?"

"Then," said the chagrined Committee, gathering up its rustling skirts preparatory to sailing away, "we may not hope for your coöperation in working for the passage of this salutary law?"

"Quite the contrary," said Father Casey. "I say, away with the pernicious law which would set teachers and pupils ruminating over matters which the law of God and of nature bids them let alone! Away with the pernicious law which would transform our boys

and girls from frank, wholesouled children into crafty, designing, premature men and women! Away with the pernicious law which would authorize them to discuss together, with brazen-faced indifference, in the public streets, topics which the Apostle says should not be so much as mentioned among Christians!"

"Oh, but the wickedness," moaned the Committee, "the immorality, the crime, that is sapping the virtue and health of our school children even in their tenderest years! Surely it is time for something to be done!"

"No," said the priest, "it is not time for *something* to be done; faddists and experimenters have been doing *something* long enough. It is time for *one* thing, and that the *right* thing, to be done. It is time for the people of this country to stop trying to quiet their uneasy consciences by a thousand somethings instead of the one right thing. Argument and right reason could not convince the people of this country of the absolute necessity of the one right thing; but now, when they see their growing sons wasting away from sinful habits, and their growing daughters having recourse to drugs and quack doctors for criminal purposes, it is high time for them to be convinced. They have mocked God with false religions and mocked nature with false morality long enough. The terrible retribution has come, and come in a way that even the wilfully blind must see it.

"The thing to be done — the right thing — the one thing — is to use the means which Almighty God through His Only Begotten Divine Son has given us. One of these means is a sacrament called *Confession,* where dangerous tendencies are noted and forbidden before they can do harm; where one unhappy sin is for-

given before it leads, by its very foulness, to a second and a third; where each individual is warned against the things that are dangerous for him, without being glutted with the morbid knowledge of all that is dangerous for every one else. Another of these means is a sacrament called *Holy Communion,* where Jesus Christ, mysteriously hidden under the appearance of bread, enters the Christian heart, gives it a love for holy purity, and the strength to practice the virtue it loves. A third means, the one in fact which contains all the other means, is the one true Church, appointed by God to teach, not sex hygiene but Christian modesty, not how the body is formed but how the soul is saved, not how proud man is deified but how the eternal God is served."

Father Casey was alone. The Committee had gathered up its eyeglasses, its literature, its hand bags, and was gone. The priest thought he heard Hannah in soliloquy at the front dining room window:

"Begor, but yer lavin' in a rush; — and I've seen pleasanter lookin' people than the three of ye this minnit. Maybe it's worritted about the poodles ye are. Shure, the little darlin's will be cryin' their eyes out afther ye!"

THE DEVIL DISLODGED

In Reverend Timothy Casey's church, three o'clock Sunday afternoon was the hour appointed for Baptism.

On the particular Sunday afternoon of which I write it was already a quarter to four; the Baptisms were finished, and the lusty squalls of the last baby had died away in the distance, as the two servers, Leo Trost and Dave Regan, hung up their cassocks and came to help Father Casey put away the articles used for the ceremony.

" Father," broke in impetuous Dave, " I have served for Baptisms hundreds of times, and even now I can hardly help laughing — the priest does so many funny things to the baby. You poke salt into its mouth, and you rub oil on its chest, and you blow your breath in its eye, and you —."

" Here, here, Dave! Would you dare to make fun of such a sacred thing as a sacrament? "

" Father, I didn't mean to say anything wrong. But when you baptize a baby, you really do all these things, and they look so funny to me."

" The ceremonies of Baptism would cease to look funny to you, David, my boy, if you would but direct your attention to their beautiful mystical signification."

" Wha— what did you say, Father? "

" I said, ' mystical signification.' "

" Oh! "

" Listen, Dave; I'm going to teach you the meaning of those big words: In front of St. Mary's school there is a big, long stick stuck in the ground. They

come out very seriously with a great piece of red and white striped cloth, that has a bunch of stars in one corner, and sometimes they fasten that cloth to the top of the stick, and sometimes they fasten it half way down. Doesn't that look funny to you, too?"

"Oh, I know; you mean the flag! Sometimes we fly it at peak and sometimes at half mast. No, Father, that doesn't look funny, because it means something."

"In other words, Dave, it has a mystical signification; so have the ceremonies in Baptism. If you boys," he added in a bantering tone, "took enough interest in your religion to remain here and learn something about it instead of running away to play ball, I might find time some day to teach you the mystical signification of the ceremonies of Baptism."

"Oh, Father," interposed Leo, "we'd be glad to stay right now!"

"Would you, you little rascals? Don't I know as well as you that it is too muddy to play ball to-day, and that is why you are so willing to stay? Well, bring me the Ritual — that little Latin book that I use for Baptisms and Sick Calls.

"Strictly speaking," began the priest, "the godparents should stop outside the door of the church with the baby to signify that original sin keeps the child from being a member of the true religion, just as it kept Adam and Eve out of Paradise and keeps man out of heaven. The priest meets them at the door, wearing about his neck, over the cassock and surplice, a stole of violet — the color of mourning — mourning for the soul of that child that is dead in sin. He asks what the child wants there before the door of the church. '*John*' he says (we will suppose that they want to call the baby John), '*what dost thou ask of the*

Church of God?' John cannot speak, therefore, in his name, the godparents answer, *'Faith.' 'What,'* continues the priest, *'will faith bring thee to?'* They reply, *'Life everlasting.' 'If therefore you wish to enter into life everlasting,'* continues the priest (you see I am giving you the English translation of the Latin words used by the priest), *'keep the commandments, love the Lord your God, with your whole heart and with your whole soul and with your whole mind and your neighbor as yourself.'*

"Then he continues: *'Depart from him, unclean spirit, and give place to the Holy Spirit, the Paraclete,'* at the same time blowing his breath thrice in the child's face to signify the coming of the Holy Spirit. In Latin, the same word, 'spiritus,' means both spirit and breath. His action likewise signifies how God's Minister contemns the devil — blows him aside as if he were a fleck of dust or straw.

"*'Receive,'* he continues, *'the sign of the cross upon your forehead and in your heart put your faith in the heavenly precepts; and let your conduct be such as to enable you to be a temple of God,'* and he makes the sacred sign of the cross upon the little body wherein God will come to dwell as in a temple, just as we place a cross upon a building which we erect as a house of God. Probably, too, the cross which the priest traces upon the brow of the child represents the sign with which, Scripture tells us, the Angels will sign those who are to be saved.

"The priest then says this prayer: *'Let us pray. We beseech Thee, O Lord, mercifully hear our prayers, and guard with Thy unfailing strength this, Thy servant, John, who has been marked with the sign of the Savior's cross, that, observing the rudiments of the*

greatness of Thy Glory, by the fulfilment of Thy commands, he may deserve to attain to the glory of regeneration. Through the same Christ Our Lord. Amen.' Here he lays his hand on the child's head. This is done in memory of our Lord who, when healing the sick, touched them with his hand; also because, in the Bible, the laying on of hands signifies blessing and the infusion of gifts of the Holy Ghost.

"The next prayer is translated thus: *'Let us pray. Almighty, Eternal God, Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, deign to look down upon Thy servant, John, whom Thou hast deigned to call to the rudiments of Faith; drive all blindness from his heart; burst the bonds of Satan by which he was bound; open to him, O Lord, the gate of Thy mercy, that, signed with the sign of Thy wisdom, he may be free from the stench of cupidity, and gladly serve Thee in Thy Church in the sweet odor of Thy commandments, and make progress from day to day. Through the same Christ Our Lord. Amen.'*

"Then he puts a few grains of salt into the child's mouth, saying: *'John, receive the salt of wisdom; may it be to thee propitiation unto life everlasting. Amen. Peace be with thee. And with thy spirit.'* This salt must be blessed because magicians have desecrated salt by using it in their black arts. Salt is given to him because it signifies wisdom, and Baptism will impart to him the highest of all wisdom, the gift of faith. Salt likewise signifies friendship; in ancient times to eat of a man's salt meant to become his friend forever, and in Baptism we become the friends of Christ. Salt is used to keep things from spoiling, and the graces received in Baptism will help to keep us from being spoiled by sin. This application of salt also

signifies spiritual health, for, in olden times, the Hebrew doctors insisted that, as a precaution against disease, every newborn child should be entirely rubbed with salt."

"Gee," whispered Dave, "I'd hate to be a little salted Hebrew!"

"The priest proceeds: *'Let us pray. O God of our fathers, God, author of all truth, we humbly beseech Thee, look down with compassion upon this Thy servant, John, who has for the first time tasted of this food of salt, permit not that he perish of hunger, but rather let him be satiated with heavenly food, fervent in spirit, rejoicing in hope, ever serving Thy name. Lead him, O Lord, we beseech Thee, to the fount of the new regeneration, that, together with Thy faithful ones, he may deserve to attain to Thy promised eternal rewards. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen.'*

"'I exorcise you, unclean spirit, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, that you go out and depart from this servant of God. Accursed and condemned spirit, may He command you who walked on the waters of the sea and extended His right hand to sinking Peter. Therefore, accursed devil, acknowledge your sentence, and give glory to the living and true God, give glory to Jesus Christ His Son, and to the Holy Ghost, and depart from this servant of God, John, because God Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ has deigned to call him to Himself, to His holy grace, and to benediction and the fount of Baptism. And never dare, accursed devil, to violate this sign of the holy cross with which we sign him. Through the same Christ Our Lord. Amen.'

"'Let us pray. We humbly implore, Holy Lord, Almighty Father, Eternal God, Thy eternal and most

just mercy upon this Thy servant John, that Thou wouldst deign to enlighten him with the light of Thy wisdom, to purify and sanctify him: give him true wisdom, that having been made worthy of the grace of Thy Baptism, he may hold fast to firm hope, right counsel, and holy doctrine. Through Christ Our Lord. Amen.' During these prayers the priest repeats the laying on of hands and the signing with the sign of the cross, and, in some countries, he adds a prayer begging God to assign a Guardian Angel to the person about to be baptized. Finally he lays the end of his stole on the baby's head and introduces the child into the Church. *'Enter into the temple of God that thou mayest have a part with Christ in life everlasting. Amen.'* By thus spreading his stole over the baby the priest signifies that holy Mother Church will protect her children from the attacks of the devil, just as the hen extends her wings over her chickens and protects them from the hawk. They walk to the baptismal fount, and, on the way, the godparents recite the *'I believe in God.'* This custom is derived from the practice prevalent in the early Church of requiring a public profession of faith of all adults before admission to Baptism. Having finished this prayer they say the *'Our Father,'* for, in the early Church, the candidates for Baptism had this prayer explained to them immediately before the water was poured on their heads.

"The great sacrament is about to be conferred, wherefore, once again, making frequent signs of the sacred cross, the priest orders the devil to release forever this soul which he held captive so long as it was in original sin: *'I exorcise thee, every unclean spirit, in the name of God, the Father Almighty, and in the name of Jesus Christ, His Son, Our Lord and Judge,*

and in the power of the Holy Ghost, that thou depart from this creature of God, John, whom Our Lord has deigned to call to His holy temple, that he may be a temple of the Living God, and that the Holy Ghost may dwell within him. Through the same Christ Our Lord, who will come to judge the living and the dead, and the world by fire. Amen.'

" Thereupon the priest touches the ears and nostrils of the infant with spittle, saying: *' Ephpheta, which means, Be thou opened. In the odor of sweetness. But do thou, O devil, take flight, for the judgment of God is at hand.'* This ceremony reminds us of Jesus Christ who cured the dumb man by touching his tongue with spittle, and who cured the blind man by first rubbing his eyes with clay mixed with spittle and then sending him to wash in the pool of Siloe, just as the child is about to be washed in the baptismal fount.

" In the sacrament of Baptism the Great God adopts us His children and creates us princes of His heavenly court. It is too clear that this high dignity cannot be conferred upon one who wishes to remain a child and a slave of the devil, hence the priest asks: *' John, dost thou renounce Satan?' ' I do renounce him.' ' And all his works?' ' I do renounce them.' ' And all his pomps?' ' I do renounce them.'*

" He has renounced the devil; he is fit to be made a follower of Christ. The priest takes oil which was solemnly consecrated by the bishop on Holy Thursday, and anoints the child on the breast and between the shoulders: *' I anoint thee with the oil of salvation in Christ Jesus Our Lord, that thou mayest have eternal life. Amen.'* The anointing on the breast signifies that he must always keep in his heart, faith in Christ and love for Christ; the anointing between the

shoulders signifies that he must be prompt to labor and to bear every burden for Christ. Again, just as the warriors of old were rubbed with oil before going into the fight, so this anointing with oil signifies that the soul is prepared for the life-long struggle which it is about to begin with the devil.

"Now the priest lays aside the purple stole of mourning; he thinks of the ineffable favor this child is about to receive, and instead of mourning for him rejoices, and clothes himself with the white stole of joy: *'John, dost thou believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth?' 'I do believe.' 'Dost thou believe in Jesus Christ, His Only Son, Our Lord, who was born into this world, and who suffered for us?' 'I do believe.' 'Dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting?' 'I do believe.' 'John, dost thou desire to be baptized?' 'I do desire.' 'John, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.'* And, simultaneously with these words, he pours water three distinct times on the head of the child in honor of the three Persons of the Most Holy Trinity. Here is the real conferring of the sacrament; all that preceded and all that will follow, are merely ceremonies placed about, like a bodyguard, to secure due reverence for this one sacred act.

"The child is baptized. In one instant, by the divine power which Jesus Christ has given to this sacrament, the child has been transformed from a slave of the devil into a son of God and an heir of heaven. Just as kings were anointed with oil in days gone by, so the priest traces the sign of the cross with holy chrism on the

head of the newly made Christian, to show that he shares in the kingly dignity of Christ: *May Almighty God, the Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, who regenerated you by water and the Holy Ghost, may He anoint you with the chrism of salvation in the same Christ Jesus Our Lord unto life everlasting. Amen. Peace be with thee. And with thy spirit.'*

"He then places on the child's head a white veil, saying: *'Receive this white garment, and see that thou bear it unstained before the tribunal of Our Lord Jesus Christ that thou mayest have life everlasting. Amen.'* This veil represents the spotless garb of sanctifying grace in which the newly baptized soul is clothed. In former days both men and women dressed entirely in white for a week after their Baptism. As a large number of adult Baptisms were always performed on the eve of Easter Sunday, the Sunday after Easter, when they laid aside their white garments, is still called 'Sunday in White.' Even to-day mothers in Europe prepare a little white cap which is put on the child for the first time immediately after the priest has clothed it with the white veil. This a beautiful and significant custom for our own American mothers to imitate.

"Lastly the priest presents the child with a lighted candle — symbol of the faith and love that should ever burn within the Christian heart: *'Receive this burning light and keep thy Baptism blameless; obey God's commandments so that, when the Lord comes to the marriage feast you can hasten to meet Him in the heavenly banquet hall together with the Saints, and live for ever and ever. Amen. Go in peace, and the Lord be with thee. Amen.'*"

"I think," said Dave, "I'll feel more like praying than laughing the next time I serve at Baptism."

ANGELS ALL

"Come on, Uncle Tim, out in the hammock, and tell us a story."

"Now, do you children let your uncle alone. He came here for a day's rest after all his hard work in the parish, and you pester the life out of him," said good Mrs. Kelly, looking up at her brother, Father Timothy Casey, with that beautiful blending of sisterly affection and Catholic reverence so often shown by our people towards their relatives who have been raised to the altar.

"Come on, Uncle Tim — please — please," pleaded a chorus of voices; and Father Casey surrendered, and was forthwith led away by his captors, as many as possible holding his hands, and the rest tugging at his sleeves or his coat tails.

"Since this is the month of October," said the priest, after he had been consigned to the hammock with the victorious troop standing guard around him, "I shall tell you something about the bright angels who . . ."

"O that's fine," shouted four-year-old Terence. "I like to hear about angels and ghosts and fairies."

"Terence Kelly," exclaimed Catharine, the eldest, with all the dignity of her fourteen summers, "shame on you to interrupt *Father* Tim while he is speaking."

"There is just this difference, my boy," said Father Casey, addressing little Terence, but really intending his words for the older children, "between angels on the one hand, and ghosts and fairies on the other; that there are no such things as ghosts and fairies, but there

really are angels, just as sure as you and I are sitting in this hammock. What are angels? Who knows the answer in the catechism?"

"*I* do, Uncle Tim. *I* do, Uncle Tim," came a chorus of voices.

Father Casey glanced at the boys who seemed to have a far-away look in their eyes, as though they were searching for an answer that could not be found, for they had been having vacation for the last two months, and who can blame a boy if he forgets a little of his catechism during that time? Father Casey noticed this, so he mercifully turned to trustworthy Catharine.

"Catharine, what are angels?"

"Angels are pure spirits without a body, created to adore and enjoy God in heaven."

"Good," said Father Casey. "You see, at first God was all alone. He was perfectly happy all by himself. He is so great, so wise, so powerful, that He needs no one else to keep Him company. But above all else He is good and kind and loving, and so He desired to see some one else whom He could make share His happiness. Accordingly He made a most beautiful and magnificent place which we call heaven, and He filled heaven with glorious spirits whom we call angels. Angels, as Catharine said, are pure spirits. That means that they have no body. Our soul too is a spirit, but it is not called a *pure* spirit because it is united with a body. Try to imagine how glorious it is to be a spirit without a body. Sometimes in the spring when you take off your shoes and stockings for the first time and go out to play in your bare feet, you feel so light that you run and jump for joy. How light and happy you would feel if you had no body at all. Why do you ever get sick and have aches and pains?

Because you have a body and something about it gets out of order; the angels have no body, and so they can never be sick, never suffer from any of our aches or pains. When you want to get from here to the top of the hill you must make your legs work very hard and work for a long time to get there. Why? Because you have a body that must be carried to the top of the hill before you will be there. The angels have no body, and so they can go from here to the top of the hill, from here to the moon, without any work, and in less time than the smallest little part of a second. When we want to go into the house we must take hold of the knob and open the door. Why? Because we have a body which we must carry with us wherever we go. The angels have no body, and so they can go through a door without opening it; they can go through a wall, through a mountain, easier than you can go through the open air."

"Why, Uncle Tim, you gave me a picture of an angel last Christmas, and that angel had a body."

"My boy, none of these pictures look one little bit like an angel, but they are the best we can do, and that is why we make them. There is no use in our trying to make a picture of an angel, because we simply cannot imagine what a spirit without a body looks like so long as we are shut up in this body of ours. If your mother put you on the floor, and turned a tub over you, there would be no use in telling you to look at the beautiful, shiny-coated tiger that was going by the gate. You simply could not see it until that tub was taken off and you were free. In the same way, there is no use in our trying to imagine what an angel looks like until our body is removed by death and our spiritual soul is free."

"But, Uncle Tim, didn't St. Valerian see St. Cecilia's Guardian Angel? Sister told us in school that St. Valerian was a pagan, and he told St. Cecilia that if he could see her angel he would become a Christian. She prayed and God let him see the angel, and he became a Christian, and they were martyred together."

"The only time that people in this world ever saw an angel was when God worked a miracle and helped them to see it. And even then, after the miracle was over, they could not tell us what the angel really looked like. All they could say was that it was brilliant, glorious, magnificent, beautiful, above everything else they had ever seen.

"Some one has said that the nearest thing to a true picture of an angel, that we can find in this world, is a dazzling flash of lightning. But an angel is brighter, quicker, mightier than lightning. Your mother told me how you all jumped when the lightning struck that big tree last week. Think of it, an angel is many times brighter than that blinding flash,— that bolt of lightning crashed down from the black cloud to the tree at the rate of many thousand miles a second, but that is slow compared with the swiftness of an angel, — one little tip of that lightning flash just touched the hard old oak, and it was torn to splinters, but an angel is still more powerful, with God's permission, it could tear the whole world to splinters in one second and rebuild it in the next."

"In the beginning, God made millions and millions of these magnificent spirits. Some of them stay in heaven with Him all the time, and some of them carry His messages, or do His bidding here on earth. Those who remain in heaven plunge deep down and bury themselves in the glory and radiance of God, and God

loves them, and they love Him, and the joy they feel in being so near to Him makes them burst forth in hymns of such heavenly beauty that no human creature could form even the faintest idea of their harmony. And these angel hymns give glory and pleasure to God and consolation and joy to all the good people in heaven."

"Aren't they sorry, Uncle Tim, when God sends them away from heaven, and makes them stay down here and be our Guardian Angels?"

"No, for not even are the angels whom God sends to earth deprived of His adorable presence. No matter where they are, they still see God, they love Him, they speak to Him and enjoy Him. And with their extraordinary brightness, swiftness, and power, what excellent messengers they must be to fulfill the commands of the Most High God! When good Tobias was about to be strangled by the devil, it was an angel that God sent to chain up the devil in the far-off desert, until Tobias had passed through the period of danger. When Jesus, the great God, wished to come down from heaven and take the form of a poor helpless Babe for love of us, it was an angel whom He sent to bear this message to Mary, the stainless Virgin, whom He had chosen to be His Mother. When Jesus was born, it was a band of angels that spread the glad tidings about the hills of Bethlehem, and sang that first Christmas hymn: 'Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will.' When Jesus was sought by Herod to be put to death, it was an angel that warned the Holy Family to fly into Egypt. When He was hungry after the forty days' fast, it was an angel that fed Him. When He sweat blood during his fearful agony in the

garden, it was an angel that comforted Him. When, after His bitter death on the cross, His lonesome friends were looking for His dead body, it was an angel that brought them that gladdest of all messages: 'He is risen; He is not here — Jesus has come forth from the grave glorious and immortal; He can suffer and die no more.'

"Indeed, children, I could tell you a hundred beautiful stories about the angels, for the Bible is filled with them. I could tell you many interesting things about your Guardian Angel, whom God, in His love, has sent to watch over you night and day, and preserve you from sin and harm. But we shall save that for another time."

"O Uncle Tim, I was an angel once," said little Terence.

"Why, Terence," cried Catharine.

"Well, I was. When we had First Communion in our church this year, I was one of the angels that led them up to the altar where the priest was. But Sister," he added with a pout, "wouldn't give us kids any wings."

PIOUS KIDNAPPERS

"Angels and Ministers of grace defend us," cried Father Casey; "wonders will never cease!"

Agnes and Mary Hanretty were coming up the walk to the rectory, an event which was nothing so very unusual, since they were both active officers in the Sodality of the Children of Mary; but right at their heels was Robert Doolin wheeling a baby carriage, and this was the sight which, had he not, thanks to his abstemious habits, a healthy heart, might have given a fatal "shock" to Father Casey.

St. Robert was the patron chosen for this young scion of the Doolin clan on the day of his Baptism, but friend and foe knew the golden-haired youth by no other name than "Red" Doolin. Twelve-year-old "Red" Doolin was truly a "brand plucked from the burning." He had gloried in being the leader of the toughest gang of juveniles on Ferry Street until he was brought, closely guarded by his mother, to be enrolled in Father Casey's First Communion class. From his first meeting with Father Casey, "Red's" conversion had been complete. He broke off all connection with his former disreputable companions and, figuratively speaking, burned his bridges behind him by picking a fight with the most daring of his quondam chums and ignominiously pounding him in the presence of the gang. It would be contrary to fact to say that "Red" instantaneously became as refined in speech, manner, and appearance as a St. Aloysius, but his heart was

thoroughly good. He gave up absolutely Mass-missing, bad language, truancy, and cigarettes, quit tantalizing Beppo, the banana-man, and almost always succeeded in passing by the Ferry Street laundry without knocking over the sign or making grimaces at the Chinaman. The boys' Communion Sunday never saw him absent, and the way he worked at his battered prayer book during Mass and preparation for Confession showed that "Red" was there for business. The early Church never produced a more staunch defender of the Faith than he; he longed to shed his blood for the cause, and, in spite of Father Casey's repeated explanations, he was only half convinced that an emphatic and carefully worded abjuration of heresy, made before the Protestant gang across the tracks, would not bring him the martyr's crown. After giving all these facts due consideration we shall be better able to understand why nothing but his perfect health saved Father Casey from a "stroke" when he saw "Red" Doolin wheeling a perambulator behind two pious girls.

"Good afternoon, Robert; good afternoon, girls," said the priest a few minutes later after the housekeeper had called him to the parlor to meet the strange delegation. "What can I do for you to-day?"

Silence! The girls looked at "Red"; "Red" looked at the girls, and still silence! The case was growing in interest. Thinking that there was the most probability of obtaining an unvarnished statement from "Red," the priest made a combined attack upon that quarter.

"Come, Robert, out with it! The cat has run away with the tongue of these girls, and, unless you speak up, they will sit here all afternoon like dummies."

Robert gave his greasy cap, which bore a faded inscription about "Golden Rod Flour," a vicious twist, and finally blurted out:

"Fader, we want to get dis kid — dis *child* christened."

"I did not know that there was a baby in your house, Robert," said Father Casey.

"It ain't ours; it belongs to de lady upstairs."

"They're Prodestans," supplied Mary, the younger of the two little girls.

"What," cried Father Casey, "the Protestants upstairs sent you children here to have their baby baptized a Catholic?"

"Dey didn't send us; dey don't know nuthin' about it; you see, Fader," "Red" explained, "dey went to the Odd Fellers' uxcursion to-day and left de kid with my mudder, and I waited till he began to holler, and den I told my mudder I'd wheel him around de park for awhile."

Father Casey wondered that Mrs. Doolin had not sent straightway for the doctor to test her son's sanity when "Red" had made this astounding offer.

"And 'Red' climbed over our back fence," supplied Agnes, "and said he was going to come up here and have the baby christened so that it would be taken out of the power of the devil and made a child of God and an heir to the kingdom of heaven like you said in the First Communion class. And he asked me to come along and be godmother."

"And Agnes was afraid to go alone, so I came too," added Mary.

"Children, children," laughed Father Casey, "do you want to be arrested for kidnapping? And besides, don't you know that, as a rule, the Church does not

allow us to baptize a healthy Protestant baby unless its parents consent?"

"Why, Father," said Agnes, "mamma told us that when she was a girl a baby died in the Protestant family where she was working, and the priest told her that she had committed a great sin by not baptizing it."

"Oh, that's quite another thing, Agnes. When a child is in danger of death, then, no matter whether the parents are Protestants or infidels, no matter whether they consent or do not consent, you would commit the worst kind of a mortal sin by neglecting to baptize it if you had the chance; for if that baby should die unbaptized, it would be excluded from heaven forever, and you would be responsible."

"But, Father," said Mary, "if the baby was dying its mamma would be at home, and she wouldn't let you baptize it."

"Why, Mary, I'm surprised at you," said Father Casey, "couldn't you dip a cloth in lukewarm water and pretend that you were wiping the baby's face and then squeeze the cloth so that a few drops of water would fall on the baby's head and then say quietly at the same time, 'I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost'? No one need hear you, yet the baby would be validly baptized, and if it died it would straightway become a little angel in heaven where it would thank you and pray for you as long as you live."

"Well, dis kid's not dyin'," said "Red," looking regretfully at the plump arms and rosy cheeks of the occupant of his perambulator, "so I guess we can't have him christened." And the "Ferry Street Terror" unlimbered the greasy cap with the faded legend

about "Golden Rod Flour" and brought it down on his carroty head like a candle extinguisher.

"But, Father," said Mary, "why can't you baptize a Protestant baby and make it a little angel even if it isn't dying?"

"Red" squirmed uneasily in his chair. His time was too precious to be taken up with theological discussions. Nothing but the prompt and summary salvation of this baby's soul would justify him in spending an afternoon away from his constituents. And now since the baby's exasperatingly good health prevented him from effecting its salvation in the way he had planned, his only desire was to escape from the priest's house as soon as those unsufferable girls would stop asking questions. He now heartily regretted that he had not gone to the river with his pals and left the baby to squall itself tired for his mother's delectation.

"The reason why we may not, as a rule, baptize the child of non-Catholic parents except in danger of death," said Father Casey, apparently unconscious of "Red's" uneasiness, "is because such a child would generally be brought up in heresy or infidelity. A sacrament instituted by Jesus Christ is a divine thing — one of the most sacred things ever created by Almighty God, therefore it must be treated with reverence. But it would show a lack of reverence to give a sacrament to one who would derive no benefit from it, who would, as soon as he realized that he had received it, despise and mock it. Furthermore, the sacrament of Baptism enrolls one a member of the Catholic Church and makes him subject to her laws. But it would be irreverent to enroll as a member of the Church one who would hate her and despise her laws."

"Then you could baptize a Protestant baby," said Agnes, "if its papa and mamma would let it be a Catholic!"

"Yes," replied Father Casey, "we may always baptize the child of non-Catholic parents when they consent to the Baptism and promise to permit the child to be brought up a Catholic, on condition some provisions are made to insure the fulfillment of this promise."

"How could you do that, Father?" asked Mary.

"By appointing a good Catholic sponsor who would see to the Catholic education of the child, or by placing it under the special care of some good Catholic relative or friend."

"What if the papa is a Protestant and the mamma a Catholic?"

Another question! "Red" was in agony. It is well that his greasy cap was made of durable material else the flour advertisement would have been twisted in two.

"If one parent is a Catholic and the other a non-Catholic and the Catholic parent asks to have the child baptized, we must baptize it. But if, as often happens in mixed marriages, the Catholic parent becomes so lukewarm that he or she does not care whether the child is baptized or not, it is not so easy to decide what should be done; all depends on how much chance the child will have of being brought up a Catholic. In fact, children, this is the best test for all cases. If you have any difficulty in remembering what I have told you, then apply this general rule, and you will practically always be safe: Whenever there is any hope that a child will be brought up a Catholic, then have it baptized whether its parents are Catholics or

non-Catholics, only take care not to stir up any trouble that would result in the loss of souls. If, on the other hand, there is no hope whatever that a baby will be brought up a Catholic, then do not have it baptized unless it is in danger of death. You know, of course," added the priest, "that all that I have said refers to children that have not yet reached the age of reason."

"And what would you do with a child that had already reached the age of reason?" queried Agnes.

"Red" could endure the agony no longer. He was willing to suffer a great deal rather than to appear, even in the slightest degree, impolite in the presence of Father Casey, but this was more than flesh and blood could bear.

"Fader, I guess I'd better take de kid home, since," added the disappointed missionary in a tone of infinite disgust, "dere's nuthin' doin'."

WHY ETHEL WAS NOT BAPTIZED

"O Father, Father!" and then there were tears, not a mere gentle dew, but a regular summer shower.

"Come, come, children! What's the matter now?" Father Casey had just stepped out of the convent sacristy after the four o'clock Benediction one Sunday afternoon, when he was met by these two little academy girls with their arms about each other's necks and a world of anguish on their tear-stained faces.

"Ethel here wants to be a Catholic — wants to be baptized," sobbed Cecilia Wynne, "and Sister says she can't."

"Why do you want to be a Catholic, Ethel?" asked the priest.

"Because I like Cecilia, and Cecilia is a Catholic,— but they won't let me because my papa and mamma are opposed." And then there was another downpour.

"And, Father," urged Cecilia, "you told us in catchism class that, as a rule, we could not baptize a baby without its parents' consent except in danger of death, but that, as soon as a child came to the use of reason and wanted to be baptized, the parents had no right to interfere, and the child could receive Baptism without their consent."

"That's very true, Cecilia; that's very true."

"Well, Ethel has the use of reason, and why won't Sister let her be baptized? I think she's just too —"

"Tut, tut, child! You know you don't think anything of the kind about the good, gentle Sister." At

that Father Casey feared he saw another shower coming up, he therefore hastened to begin an explanation and to try to bring home to these young enthusiasts, the fact that theological principles must not be applied to individual cases without due attention to circumstances.

"Come, children, listen now, and then you can cry afterwards. It is quite true that any one that has arrived at the age of reason and believes in the Catholic Religion has a perfect right to be baptized no matter who may object. That is the principle in general — in the abstract, as we say. But before we can take any little Ethel in particular — in the concrete — and baptize her, we must examine several circumstances. First, we must make sure that she really believes in the Catholic Religion — believes that it is the one true religion founded by Jesus Christ to lead all men to heaven. If she wants to be a Catholic simply because her little friend Cecilia is one, that would never be sufficient reason to allow her to be baptized. It might be sufficient reason for her to begin taking instructions, but if, after taking the instructions, she were not convinced that the Catholic Religion is the one true religion founded by Jesus Christ, there could be absolutely no question of her becoming a Catholic. We must be very careful to examine each case before we admit any one to Baptism, and we must rigidly reject all that have not the right dispositions; great harm would otherwise be done to religion by admitting to the Church those who wish to enter through mere natural motives. Dozens of young fellows have come to me to become Catholics (to join your Church, as they put it) for no other reason than because they wanted to marry a Catholic girl. I knew of two or

three men who asked for Baptism in order to be able to get into the Knights of Columbus, and one poor fellow, a Jew, who thought it would help his business while he was peddling tea in a Catholic community."

"Secondly, our little Ethel, or whoever it may be that is asking for Baptism, should be thoroughly instructed in Catholic doctrine and practice. In this matter it is better to act too slowly than too quickly. Babies, it is true, should be baptized as soon as possible, both because they are incapable of receiving instructions and because, if they were to die suddenly, they could not save themselves by means of an act of contrition — nothing but the sacrament of Baptism could save them. On the other hand, those who are old enough to know what they are doing must wait for weeks and even for months until they are thoroughly instructed. Neither are they running any serious risk by so doing for they have the desire of receiving Baptism as soon as they can, and they make frequent acts of perfect contrition, thus taking away both original and actual sin; hence if they were to die in the meantime they would be saved."

"Wouldn't an act of perfect contrition save them, even if they didn't intend to receive Baptism as soon as they could?"

"Once they saw that it was their duty to receive Baptism as soon as the priest would give it to them, they could not make an act of perfect contrition unless they were determined to fulfill this duty. It is impossible for us to make an act of perfect contrition which proceeds from the love of God unless we are determined to keep the law of God. But we are drifting away from our subject. You have seen that the second requisite for the baptism of an adult is

thorough instruction in Catholic doctrine and practice."

"Father, Ethel is 'thoroughly instructed.' I hear her catechism every day, and she knows up to page eighty-four already, don't you, Ethel?"

"Thirdly," continued Father Casey, "before we may prudently baptize any little Ethel, we must have good reason to believe that she will remain a Catholic. As I have already told you, a sacrament instituted by Jesus Christ is a divine thing — one of the most sacred things ever created by Almighty God — therefore it must be treated with reverence. But it would show a lack of reverence to give a sacrament to some one that would soon apostatize and despise that sacrament. Many a little Protestant Ethel becomes a fervent Catholic while she is in the convent school, but when she returns home circumstances will change. All her relatives, all her companions, will be non-Catholic if not positively anti-Catholic; all the reading and conversation about the home will be the same. She will have great difficulty in approaching the sacraments or in even hearing Mass on Sunday. From all this you can see that if she is not a young lady of strong will and a great lover of prayer there are ample grounds to fear that she will apostatize. I have known pupils to enter the Church while attending the convent school, and even to show signs of a religious vocation, yet after their return home they grew negligent, married Protestant husbands, and finally lost every vestige of the faith.

"Fourthly, even though a little Ethel had the three requisites I have just mentioned it might not be prudent to admit her to Baptism against the wishes of her parents while she remained a pupil in the convent

school. Her parents might become so angry as to cause serious injury to the sisters by hauling them into court or something of that kind, and thus the good work that was being done for many souls in the convent would be hindered for the welfare of one."

"But, Father, what could she do?" asked Cecilia.

"Well, my child, I will tell you what I would advise, though other priests would give different counsel. I would advise her, as long as she remained in the convent school, to be most faithful in praying and attending to Holy Mass, in reading Catholic books and studying Catholic doctrine. Then as soon as she has returned home after completing her studies, it would be the time for her to take a firm stand and show that she prized God's will and the salvation of her own immortal soul above all else. I would advise her to go at once to the nearest Catholic priest and enter the Church as soon as he would receive her."

"But suppose, Father, while she was here at school she would get awfully sick and everybody would be afraid that she —"

"All that I have said, Cecilia, holds only for one that is well and strong. When there is danger of death it is quite another question. In that case you should not even wait to ask the parents' consent, but proceed at once with the Baptism. But now," added the priest, "I don't want you girls to begin figuring out how Ethel can get sick so that she can be baptized without her parents' consent."

"Father, if she was dying would the other three requisites which you just mentioned have to be there before you would be allowed to baptize her?"

"The first requisite, a good intention, would certainly have to be there. It would be, not only useless,

but positvely wrong, to baptize even a dying person if you knew that he asked for the sacraments merely through worldly motives, for instance, to please his family. However, this first requisite is not so strict at the hour of death as it is during life, since there is no time to lose, and we must do all we can to save the departing soul; thus if a dying man honestly disbelieved the Catholic Church yet wished to be baptized, you could give him private Baptism. The sacrament would be valid, and his invincible ignorance would save him from the sin of heresy.

"The second requisite must be present as far as possible under the circumstances. If there is not time to teach the dying person all the fundamental doctrines of the Church, you may still baptize him provided he knows at the very least, that there is a God, and that God rewards the good and punishes the wicked. You should by all means try to teach him that there are three Persons in God, and that the Second Person became Man, suffered, and died to save us, for it is probable that no one can be freed from his sins unless he believes these truths.

"The third requisite may be totally disregarded when there is danger of death. Even though you have very good reason to believe that, if the dying person recovers, he will apostatize, nevertheless, provided his dispositions at the present moment are good, you may and should baptize him. God made the sacraments for us; He would rather have a sacrament exposed to irreverence than leave one of us in danger of suffering serious spiritual loss for want of that sacrament."

"Father, if we find a dying man what should we do?"

"Learn whether he is a Catholic, and if he is one, run as fast as you can for the priest."

"But suppose, Father, we can't do either. Suppose he is out of his head, and nobody knows whether he is a Catholic or not. And the priest lives so far away that the man would be dead before he could come."

"If our man was never baptized but had desired Baptism, he could be validly baptized now even though he is out of his senses, and if, before he lost consciousness or at any moment between that time and the time he breathes his last he has at least imperfect contrition for his sins, they will be forgiven by virtue of Baptism and contrition and he will be saved.

"This is how you should act whenever you have the slightest reason to think that a dying, unconscious man was never baptized but had some sort of desire of baptism. And my opinion is that you would have some reason to think that of any strange person whom you would find thus dying in this country; therefore I think you ought to baptize him, adding the words, 'on condition that you can be validly baptized.' Then you should kneel down beside him and repeat short acts of faith, hope, love, contrition, and resignation into his ear, for dying persons can sometimes hear and understand even though they appear to be unconscious. Thus you might be the means of saving an immortal soul."

"Thank you, Father," cried the two little ladies as they tripped away, and Father Casey was fully convinced that they were going straightway to search the grove for a dying man.

IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH

The married men and married women of St. Mary's were assembled in the parish hall for the monthly conference of the Holy Family. Father Casey entered, recited the opening prayer, and ascended the platform. There was a general clearing of throats, shuffling of feet, and all settled back in their chairs in expectation of a treat. The priest began:

"The old fourth reader, which we studied when we were children, had a story of a man and his seven sons. The seven sons had grown to manhood, and the aged father was nearing his grave. One day he called them to his side, and said:

"'My sons, I am proud to see that you have all developed into strong stalwart men. Here is a test for your muscle. I have bound seven stout sticks into a bundle, and my gold watch will be the reward for that one among you that succeeds in breaking them.'

"The young men took their turns, from the oldest to the youngest, in making this trial of strength. Each pulled and tugged and strained with all his might, but in vain.

"'Father,' they cried, 'the man does not live who can break that bundle of sticks.'

"'Not so fast, my sons,' said the old man as he rose slowly from his chair, untied the bundle, took each of the seven sticks singly, and broke them with ease.

"'My sons,' he continued, 'I shall soon die, and leave to you the large estate which I have acquired

by a life of toil. So long as you remain united, no power on earth can deprive you of it. But the moment disunion enters your ranks, any cunning trickster can come and wrest it from you.'

. . . . . .

"Jesus Christ has confided to Catholic parents and Catholic teachers a treasure which He has purchased by a life of toil and a bitter death — the soul of the child whom they are to educate. So long as they are united, that treasure is safe. But the moment they disagree, the devil will wrest that treasure from their hands. If I were addressing the teachers, I would point out in how far this union depends upon them. But I am speaking to the parents, and to them I say: Preserve this sacred union, coöperate with the Catholic teachers in the education of your child: First, by faithfully placing your child under their care at the appointed time; Secondly, by insisting on the lessons taught by them; Thirdly, by giving them the necessary material aid; Fourthly, by upholding their authority.

"*First,* by faithfully placing your child under the teachers' care at the appointed time. You believe in a square deal. A square deal requires that you keep your side of a contract. Your contract with the teachers is that you send them your child during school hours and that they teach it. If you allow your child to miss school without a very serious cause; if you allow your child to come late, you break your contract, you do an injustice to the teachers by making it impossible for them to teach your child properly, you do an injustice to the other children and the other parents by disturbing the order of the school.

"'But, Father, the teachers are no good, they can't make the children come in time.'

" The teachers, I answer, are not obliged to make the children come in time; that is your part of the contract, not theirs. When you make a contract with a blacksmith to shoe your horses, you do not expect him to come to the pasture and catch the horse; you bring it to him.

" ' I send the children in time, Father, but they don't mind.'

" Then it is high time that you begin to make them mind. If necessary, lay aside every other occupation for the time being, and attend to this. For this is the most urgent of all your duties. Almighty God has given you authority over your child in order to bring it up a true Christian; and if you lose that authority, or neglect to use it, you are preparing for your child an unhappy future, and for yourself a terrible judgment. Your obligation does not cease when you send your child to school, you must assure yourself that it really goes to school. Your obligation does not cease when you start the child out in time, you must assure yourself that it really arrives in time. And you must get this assurance from other sources than the child itself. Your child may be an angel, it may be incapable of telling an untruth; but remember even angels have fallen. The best way to make it remain an angel is to watch over it with unwearying care just as if it were not one. And just as you see that the child goes straight from home to school in the morning, see that it comes straight home from school in the evening. Then, after it has promptly reported to you, you can let it go and play with its companions, if you see fit. By acting in this way, you are keeping true parental guard over the child whom God has committed to your care.

"*Secondly,* you should coöperate with the teachers by insisting on the lessons of religion and piety they have taught your child. We Catholics hold as a certain truth that a school where nothing is said of God, where there is nothing to remind one of God, will make of the child, a man without God; and this, in spite of the fact that it lives in a truly Christian home. How much more true must it not be that where the home is, to all appearances, godless, where they talk of nothing but money-getting and pleasure-seeking, where the mother carefully insists on how the child should dress but not on how it should pray, where the father often asks: can you work this sum in arithmetic? but never: Can you explain the meaning of the feast the Church celebrates to-day? — how much more true it is that in such a home, the child will soon grow to believe that religion is of very little importance compared with other things; and that, no matter how conscientiously the Catholic teachers may fulfill their duty.

"See what prayers the teacher has taught your child, and see that it not merely knows them, but also recites them with attention and devotion; learn what pictures, statues, and articles of devotion, adorn the school-room, and sometimes try to procure a few of the same kind for the home; and tell your child to put flowers before them as it does at school; ask what devotions and practices of piety the teachers insist upon most, whether daily Mass, frequent Communion, prayer to the Sacred Heart and to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and add your influence to that of the teachers to induce your child to put these devotions into practice. Thus the child will not merely learn the meaning of the exercises of solid and manly Catholic

piety, but will actually perform these exercises, become habituated to them, until they become a sort of second nature; then indeed, can your child launch forth in life well-armed against the temptations of a half-pagan world, a credit to the home and the school that trained him.

"*Thirdly,* you should coöperate with the teachers in the education of your child by giving the necessary material aid. It is true that this can often be done only at the cost of labor and sacrifice on your part. Still we know that the love of a father's or a mother's heart gladly embraces labor and sacrifice when it means food and drink for their little ones. How much more gladly will they not do so when it means a Catholic education for the little ones — food for their immortal souls. Your child must daily pass the large and expensive structure, built from public money, and known as a public school. See to it that your child need not blush when it compares that building with the school which it attends. There is no utility, indeed, in making the parish school so elaborate as the public school, but let it be at least neat, cheerful and sanitary. Take care to furnish your child with the books and other supplies required in the school, and see that they are treated with proper care. Give to the teachers, who work for your child, the means of a decent livelihood. There are parents, to their shame be it said, who have money for shows, money for cigars, money, perhaps, for drink, but no money when it comes to paying their share of the miserable twenty or twenty-five dollars a month to the sister who teaches their child. Far be it from us to cast the slightest slur upon the children of the honest poor. Far be it from

us to breathe a word that would make them blush for their poverty, or hint that they were in any way inferior to the children of the rich. The good sisters themselves would gladly go hungry to the classroom rather than turn away one of these poverty-stricken little ones from the school. I speak not to the parents of such but to those parents who are able to procure for themselves the necessaries of daily life.

"The sisters, noble, educated, refined women, have given up home, family, pleasures, all, in order to assist you in the difficult and all-important task of educating your child for the kingdom of heaven. They are generally overworked, given twice as many pupils as they should be made to teach, hampered for want of school furniture, crowded together in made-over houses that are too hot in summer and too cold in winter — and all this for the sake of your child. Can you, oh, Christian Parents, find it in your hearts to withhold from them the few paltry dollars that bring a little comfort and sunshine into their lives?

"*Fourthly,* you should coöperate with the teachers by upholding their authority. Your child comes home from school, complains to you that it has been unjustly punished. You swallow the story without a moment's hesitation, and run at once to the telephone or to the sisters' house to give the teacher a scolding, adding, perhaps, the silly threat that you 'will send the child to the public school.' Whom do you hurt by this manner of acting? Not the teacher; she has long ago become too much accustomed to abuse to be hurt by one additional insult. Whom then do you hurt? Your child and yourself. You hurt your child, for you encourage it to criticize its superiors, to despise authority, to practice cunning, hypocrisy, and

falsehood. You hurt yourself; for a child, trained in this way, will sooner or later bring sorrow to its parents.

"'But, Father, the teacher is habitually unjust towards my child.'

"Christian Father, Christian Mother, be fair towards the teacher! Remember that you very seldom hear both sides of the story. If it were any child except your own you would readily admit that children very easily misunderstand the case; that they sometimes exaggerate, and even lie, in order to gain their point. And grant that the teacher is unjust towards your child; God knows that it will be the object of many an act of injustice before it dies, and the sooner it learns to bear them with Christian patience, the happier it will be. And after all how much better for the child to suffer a little injustice, than to become stubborn and disobedient towards all those who are engaged in teaching it how to serve God and save its immortal soul.

"How well, in looking back to childhood days, we can remember sturdy farmer boys who feared to receive a whipping in school, because 'Dad would give them another when they got home.' 'Dad' was willing to take for granted that the teachers knew their business. He had turned his son over to their authority, and he was going to use his influence to see that that authority was obeyed. The event proved that 'Dad' was right; for those boys, of twenty-five years ago, are now manly Christian men who would be a credit to any father in the land.

"A story is told of the excellent Princess Josephine of Sweden. She happened one day to notice her little son commit a breach of politeness. She repri-

manded him. The lad's eyes twinkled; he knew how his mother insisted on respect for teachers.

"'But, Mamma,' he said, 'I have often seen my teacher, Mr. Bostroem, do it.'

"The Princess was silenced for a moment; then she quietly remarked:

"'My son, when you are as learned and good a man as Mr. Bostroem you may do as he does, but not before.'"

HEART TO HEART

Blanche Level was not a person to stay awake nights worrying — for instance about the problem of the unemployed. To her mind, to be "unemployed," far from constituting a problem, was very, very near to the culmination of earthly bliss. It therefore showed skillful generalship on good old Mrs. Level's part when she succeeded in dislodging the grumbling girl from her cozy nest in the hammock, and starting her towards the rectory with a message for Father Casey.

Blanche had a friend visiting with her for a week, Noemi Doubleday, a bright and capable young lady from a neighboring town. Noemi was not, like Blanche, a Catholic. She had, in her own little country town, heard many a weird story about the Church, and to enter — actually enter — a priest's house, appealed to her in the light of a daring adventure. She was glad Blanche had asked her to go.

Ten minutes later, the two sat in the rectory parlor awaiting the entrance of Father Casey. Noemi's eager eyes were taking in every smallest detail of the strange place. Soon they rested on a painting of the Sacred Heart — the only article of value in the plainly furnished room.

"Blanche," she said, not knowing why she spoke in a mysterious whisper, "who is that man with a heart in his hand?"

Even lazy Blanche gave a start at this question which, to her, sounded so much like a blasphemy.

"Why, Noemi," she said, "that's the Sacred Heart!"

"Whose heart? And who is the man holding it in his hand?"

"Why, the Sacred Heart!" But seeing that no light of intelligence brightened Noemi's face, she floundered on, "The Sacred Heart — you know — the nine Fridays — the statue with the little red lamp before it —"

Father Casey came in. Instead of the Romish priest she had pictured to herself, Noemi saw only a middle-aged man with a kind, thoughtful face and a happy laugh. Before she realized it she was chatting freely with him and frankly repeating the conversation she and Blanche had been holding.

"That," said Father Casey, adjusting the blind so as to show the picture in a better light, "is Our Divine Savior Jesus Christ, and it is His Own Heart that He seems to be holding in His hand in order to show it to us."

"Oh, sir, how could He take His heart out of His body like that?" asked the incredulous Noemi.

"This picture represents Him as He appeared many times to a holy woman, named Margaret Alacoque. You know He is God; He can do all things; He could show us His Sacred Heart even without taking it out of His body, simply by making His breast transparent."

"Why do you keep that picture here?" asked Noemi.

"To foster devotion to His Sacred Heart."

"What's that?"

"Do you know what devotion is?" queried the priest.

"Why — yes — when a young man loves a girl, they speak of his devotion to her."

"Well," said Father Casey, "it is pretty much the same in religious matters; when we love a certain religious practice, we call that a devotion; when we love the Sacred Heart of Our Lord, we call that devotion to the Sacred Heart."

"But," said Noemi, "wouldn't it be better to love Our Lord entirely, rather than to love only His heart?"

"Ah, that is the very question that brings out the true nature of devotion to the Sacred Heart. See that picture: it does not show a dead Christ or a dead Heart, but the living, breathing Christ and His living, breathing Heart. That picture truly portrays our devotion. We do not separate His Heart from His body. We take it as it is — the active principle of His life. Thus while directing our attention principally to His Heart, we direct it in reality towards His whole being. It is much the same as when you kiss your father's hand. That act of love and respect is meant for your father entirely, though it is directed primarily towards his hand."

"Why do you choose the Heart of Christ in preference to any of His other members when you wish to show your devotion to Him?"

"Because such a choice is most natural. In all ages and all nations men have shown special respect towards the hearts of their heroes. When a great man dies, it is common practice to bury his body but to preserve his heart and to show it special honor. The great Irish liberator, O'Connell, wished his body to be buried in Ireland, but directed that his heart should be sent to Rome, where it is still reverently preserved

in a church on the Esquiline hill. The body of Christopher Columbus, a man to whom every citizen of free America owes so much, was buried and allowed to turn to dust, but his heart has been preserved with every mark of honor for over 400 years.

"Besides," continued the priest, pleased to find in this honest-minded seeker after truth such an attentive and intelligent listener, "there are many reasons why the Sacred Heart of Jesus merits our special devotion. It is the member through which every drop of His Precious Blood passed and repassed during the 33 years of His mortal life. That Precious Blood it is which washed away our sins, which paid our ransom, which redeemed and saved us. Just as every patriotic American honors the little hall in Philadelphia, where the declaration of our independence was signed, so every true Christian should revere the Heart that contained the Precious Blood that made us free.

"Another special reason for honoring the Sacred Heart of Jesus is the fact that it was ever in closest sympathy with His whole interior life. Even modern physicians will tell you that no part of the human body is so much affected by mental emotions and sympathizes with them to so great an extent as the heart. In hope and joy our heart beats quick and free; in grief and dejection it is dull and sluggish; in love, strong and rapid. How justly then do we not honor and love the Sacred Heart of Jesus which throbbed in closest sympathy with every movement of joy or sorrow, hope or regret, pity or love, in our best and truest Friend!

"Lastly, we should honor the Sacred Heart of Jesus because of its intimate union with His divinity.

There are not two persons in Jesus, but only one. And that one person was at the same time God and Man. Hence His every member was at the same time human and divine. His hands were divine; His eyes were divine; His lips were divine; His Heart was divine — it was the Heart of God! Well may all who love God, love also His Sacred Heart!"

"How beautiful!" said Noemi, turning with new understanding towards the picture where Jesus seemed to look down with infinite longing upon this innocent lamb straying so far from the one true fold.

"You find that beautiful," said the priest, "but I have as yet described the less noble part of the devotion — the part that looks to the Heart of flesh and blood. The higher, more sublime and more consoling part of the devotion is directed towards the *supersensual* Heart of Jesus. Do you know what that means?"

"I am sure, sir, I do not," she answered simply.

"Many a time in your life you have had, I am sure, what you called a 'heart to heart' talk with some dear friend; many a time you have said that you loved your good father and mother with your 'whole heart'; many a time you have asked God to give you 'a kind heart, a loyal heart, a pure heart.' Now, does 'heart,' in these expressions which you and all of us use so frequently, mean the heart of flesh and blood?"

"Certainly not; a heart of flesh and blood cannot speak or listen or love."

"What then does it mean?"

"It means the — the — the soul — the spiritual part of us — Oh, sir, I *feel* what it means, but I cannot express it."

"That which you feel but cannot express is called the *supersensual* heart. The supersensual Heart of Jesus is the principal object of the devotion of the Sacred Heart,— not in such wise that our attention is directed, sometimes towards the one, sometimes towards the other, but always to both at the same time, the Heart of flesh and blood being a sensible symbol, to hold our wandering thoughts fixed upon that nobler supersensual Heart.

"Think how this supersensual Heart of Jesus is the holiest of hearts, the most loving of hearts, the most misunderstood and most unappreciated of hearts. First, it is the holiest of hearts: not a breath of sin ever tarnished it; it possessed every strong and beautiful virtue; it lived always in the closest union with God,— for it was God's own heart. Secondly, the Sacred Heart of Jesus is the most loving of hearts: it exchanged the joys of heaven for the miseries of earth because it loved us so. See Jesus, a shivering infant in the manger of a wayside stable. His Sacred Heart is loving us there and hoping that His helplessness will win our pity and that our pity will ripen into love. See Him — Him, the Almighty God — tottering and falling when He takes His first baby steps; see Him fleeing into Egypt to escape from wicked Herod; see Him, a poor workingman in the shop of Nazareth; He toils early and late for the poor wages that will buy bread for Himself and His Blessed Mother Mary. Some of His patrons find fault with His work and refuse to pay Him for it; others feign generosity and throw Him a few extra pennies as a reward for His diligence. He, the Almighty God, meekly accepts from His creatures these humiliating rebuffs and these still more humiliating

alms. What is it that made Him abase Himself so low? The love of His Sacred Heart for us! For three years He walked beside the rivers and seas of Palestine, or trudged along the dusty roads, or climbed the mountains, preaching the word, seeking the lost sheep His Sacred Heart so dearly loved. Yet all the time that burning Heart was impatient to do more for us. It was only when He had given His Body and Blood to be our food and His life to be our ransom,— it was only when He had given the supreme proof of His love for us in a Sacrament and a Sacrifice which only those of the faith can appreciate, that His Sacred Heart was satisfied. No one that reflects on this can doubt that the Sacred Heart of Jesus is the most loving of hearts. Thirdly, I meant to show that the Sacred Heart of Jesus is the most misunderstood and the most unappreciated of hearts, but I think that you can see this for yourself. Let me give you but one example. Pardon me if you find it too personal. The Sacred Heart of Jesus has loved you, my child, with all the force of His infinite love, as completely and unreservedly as if you were the only being He had ever created. He loved you as He lay in the manger; He loved you as He preached and labored; He loved you while He hung dying for you on the cross; He loves you in the Holy Sacrament of the Altar in which you do not even believe. And still, though you have already grown to womanhood under His protecting love, it is only to-day that you have begun ever so little, to understand and appreciate Him. And you are but one out of many millions who have given Him ingratitude in exchange for His love. Indeed we are all guilty, even we upon whom He has bestowed His choicest gifts. Tell me, is not the Sa-

cred Heart of Jesus the most misunderstood and most unappreciated of hearts?"

Noemi's eyes were turned towards the picture of the Sacred Heart; there were tear-drops on the long dark lashes. She repeated — slowly and haltingly as if reciting a half learned lesson:

"Devotion to the Heart of Christ — to that Heart of flesh and blood that beats for us — and still more to that which it symbolizes — the supersensual Heart that loves us so!" Then turning to the priest, she said: "Sir, I am glad that you came to explain to me the meaning of this picture; Blanche tried to do so, but she only confused me and made it appear ridiculous."

"If Blanche would devote less time to dances, picture shows, novels, and gossip, and more time to instructive Catholic reading, she would not be so likely to make the most beautiful practices of her holy faith look ridiculous," said Father Casey.

IS WAR IMMORAL?

"War Extry! War Extry!" cried a lusty voice, drowning the panting of the engine, while the "Overland Flyer" made its brief pause at a crowded station.

Father Casey tapped with a five-cent piece on the car window and was soon in possession of the newly printed sheet with its fierce black headlines.

"Paper, sir?" this to the well-groomed broker who had taken the lion's share of Father Casey's seat.

"Naw," he growled, "I don't want your bloodthirsty paper," though it must be confessed he glanced at the headlines to see whether there were any new developments since the edition which he had read an hour ago.

Father Casey quietly read his paper. The broker looked at him again and again and made a powerful effort to keep silence, but there was evidently something which he had to get out of his system, and at last he turned and bluntly asked:

"Are you a clergyman?"

"I am a Catholic priest," returned Father Casey.

"I don't see how you men, who pretend to preach the gospel of peace, can countenance war as you do. It was that very thing that made me leave my church."

Father Casey wondered whether "his church" had draped itself in black when the broker left it, but he simply said, "How was that?"

"It was just this way: I was a Congregationalist,

and one Sunday in 1898 our preacher gave a sermon on good will, brotherly love, and all that. Well just as he came to the end of the sermon a boy rushed in and handed him a dispatch. He read it at a glance, then turned to the congregation and cried, 'Admiral Dewey has sunk the entire fleet in Manila Bay.' The words were scarcely out of his mouth when preacher and people joined in three mighty cheers for the American victory. That sickened me of religion — to see a Christian clergyman and a Christian congregation go wild with joy because several thousand of their fellow men had been blown to pieces or drowned — I have never entered a church since then."

"I have no commission," said Father Casey, "to defend the Congregationalist sect, nor would I countenance loud cheering in any building which I believed to be the house of God. But weren't you a little hard on your fellow religionists? Isn't it possible they regretted that the Spanish soldiers were blown to pieces or drowned, but that they nevertheless rejoiced at the speedy peace and the other good effects which would follow from the victory?"

"That is some of your Romish hair-splitting; we don't rejoice at good effects without rejoicing at the thing that caused them."

Father Casey did not answer immediately, but, as he slipped out the middle sheet from the paper and handed it to the broker, there was a malicious twinkle in his eye as of one that setteth a snare to entrap the feet of the unwary.

"Here," he said, "since you eschew wicked war news, read the markets; I see that this has been an exciting day on the stock exchange."

"Hooray!" cried the broker. "Wheat has jumped

three cents since morning. I happen to have a few shares in fall wheat, and they are going to bring me as neat a little wad as any man would want to see!"

"Can you account for this sudden and extraordinary rise?" asked the priest.

"Well, I rather think I can. It's the war. That is what I was counting on when I made the investment."

"Barbarian!" cried Father Casey with mock horror. "— rejoicing because men are being slaughtered, cities burned, and harvest fields laid waste!"

"I'm not rejoicing at those things," protested the broker.

"But they are what made the wheat go up."

"Well —"

"And you know it is Romish hair-splitting to pretend to rejoice about the effect without rejoicing about its cause."

"After all," admitted the broker, "I guess your theory is about right, for everybody can see that I am allowed to be glad to sell my wheat for more than I paid for it."

The train thundered on; the broker thought of his profits, and he was merry; then he thought of clergymen and war and he was angry once more.

"What is that General Sherman said about war?" he asked. "He used a mighty strong comparison, didn't he?"

"Yes," relied Father Casey, "a comparison that will seem much stronger to some people a few years hence than it does now."

"Well, let me tell you right here that I agree with the General to a T. War is nothing else than damnable barbarism!"

"War is indeed a dire calamity to the nations engaged in it," returned the priest.

"It is worse than a calamity; it is a crime."

"Do you mean that the present war is wrong, or that the conduct of one side is wrong?"

"I mean that all war is wrong — all war! God Almighty has said, 'Thou shalt not kill.'"

"Do you think that by these words He forbids killing even in a just war?"

"I know He does."

"Then why," queried the priest, "does He, only two chapters further on in that same part of the Bible, say: 'When the Lord thy God shall have destroyed many nations before thee . . . when He shall have delivered them to thee, thou shalt utterly destroy them, thou shalt make no league with them nor show mercy to them.' If war is wrong how could God command it, tell me that. You people make me weary. You happen to have nothing at stake in this present war, nothing to induce you to side with either party, and therefore you begin to play the part of the newly inspired prophet and to preach that all war is intrinsically bad. Why are you not broad minded enough to picture to yourself how you would feel if your own country were in danger? Suppose the European nations had taken umbrage because we fortified the Panama Canal. Suppose they had decided that the United States were a menace to their commercial interests and had determined to seize this country and divide it among themselves as they divided unhappy Poland. Would we be obliged in conscience to sit idly by while the invaders tore the Star Spangled Banner from our forts and public buildings and hoisted the German or English flag? Would we be obliged to

stay at home and work and save in order to be able to pay taxes for the support of these foreign governments?"

"No, sir, we'd fight 'em — fight 'em as long as there'd be a man alive!" roared the broker with such force that the veins in his thick neck stood out like clothes lines.

"But I thought you said war is wrong!"

"Oh, I didn't mean a case of that kind. But there ought to be an International Board of —"

"Wait a moment," broke in Father Casey, "let us settle one question at a time. Do you retract the statement you made a moment ago that *all* war is wrong? And do you admit that war is right when it is the only means of securing justice?"

"Well, yes; that's about my way of looking at it."

"Good! Now what else were you going to say?"

"I was going to say," replied the broker, "that there could and should be some other way of securing justice for nations besides war."

"For instance?"

"An International Board of Arbitration that would settle all disputes between nations," he cried triumphantly. "Give us a few more public-spirited men like Carnegie, and war will disappear from the world forever!"

"Why, man, don't talk foolish. If some philanthropic old maid were to advance that theory as a certain preventative of all future wars, we would smile at her innocent optimism and forgive her; but you, a man of the world, who have for years studied human nature in all its phases, you who have for years watched the inner workings of politics and business, how can you make such a statement? You know that

there always have been officials and even judges whom money can buy; you know that there always have been members of firms and corporations whom money can buy; how then can you flatter yourself that there never will be men on your International Board whom the millions of England or Germany can buy? And what would right that wrong? War, nothing but war — even though it be fought, like the present one, at the very doors of the Arbitration Palace."

"They could not have war," said the broker, "no nation would be allowed to have arms or battleships or artillery."

"If they had nothing else they would fight with cobble stones and pitchforks, and war would be even more revolting than it is to-day. Besides, in spite of all your prohibitions, they *would* have arms; the police of every nation would be armed; civilized peoples with territory adjoining that of a savage tribe would be armed; indeed, every nation, so long as it had reason to fear an unjust decision of the Board or a revolt on the part of other nations against just decisions, would either keep secret stores of arms, or have plans for speedily securing them in case of war."

"Cases of injustice would be very, very rare," said the broker, "for we could reasonably hope that the men appointed to this high office would be honest."

"Let them be ever so honest at heart, some nation would invariably consider their decision unjust. Base-ball umpires are generally honest, yet how rarely all the spectators admit the justice of their decisions! If prejudice can so blind men in an insignificant thing like a ball game, what would it not do if the welfare of a nation and the honor of a people were at stake!"

"Then," said the broker, "you would throw all

arbitration to the winds and let the nations live by fighting like the aboriginal Indians."

"I would do nothing of the kind; arbitration to a certain extent is both possible and beneficial, especially if the Board is presided over by its natural head, the Vicar of the Prince of Peace. But before establishing boards and making agreements to arbitrate I would strive to imbue both peoples and rulers with the spirit of true Christianity, so that they would keep the agreements they had made and listen to the boards they had promised to obey. The more solid Christian principles will supplant greed and ambition in the souls of the rulers, and the more charity will displace race hatred in the hearts of the people, the fewer wars there will be. But do what we may, so long as human nature remains as it is, corrupted by original sin, the reign of universal and uninterrupted peace will never thrive. There will be wars. And if a nation is fighting for a cause that it believes to be just, no man can charge it with sin."

"I don't see," growled the broker, "how either party to the present war can believe that it is fighting for a just cause."

"You don't see it, sir," said Father Casey, "but that proves nothing one way or the other. I think that you will admit that we have all seen very little of the causes of the present war."

"Well, I think we see them about as well as the rank and file of the soldiers. If we cannot say the war is just, how can they?"

"Subjects have been commanded by God to obey their rulers. Therefore the subjects do right in taking up arms in obedience to their government so long as they have not positive proof that the war is unjust. Once certain, however, of the injustice of a war, they

would not be allowed to enter the army, and if forced to enter they would not be allowed to kill any of the enemy deliberately. With the rulers it is quite the contrary. God has given them their power for the good of the people, and God will demand of them a strict account of the manner in which they used it. They are bound in conscience, before bringing a war upon the country, to take every honorable means possible to avoid it, to examine the causes with the greatest care, and to take the momentous step only with approval of experienced and God-fearing men. The rulers, whether in a republic or in a monarchy, who would fail in this — who would declare war or follow a policy that must ultimately lead to war, unless they were convinced without the slightest doubt that this was the only honorable means of saving the country from imminent injustice — those rulers would have to answer to Almighty God for every drop of blood and for every tear of sorrow shed in the war which they had caused."

"Then believe me," said the broker, "most of the rulers that love war during life will make a mighty poor risk for a fire insurance company after death."

HOW KITTY MISSED HER CHANCE

There was rejoicing in the house of Desmond!

I do not mean that all the unnumbered scions of that royal line were simultaneously jubilant. No, I refer to the material house of one Michael Desmond, who had, a year ago, led to the altar the eldest of the four Kissane girls.

In the house of the said Michael Desmond there was rejoicing! Father Casey hastened to call. It was not a matter of choice; it was sheer necessity. Well the good priest knew that he would go down unpardoned into his own grave were he to shirk that call or give the slightest hint in word or action that there had ever been such cause for rejoicing in this world before.

When he reached the house, Grandma Kissane was there; and Aunt Agnes Kissane and Aunt Alice Kissane and Aunt Kitty Kissane were there. He was promptly seized and hurried into a large, clean, airy room, where he saw, half smothered in embroidered muslins of wonderful design, the little creature that was the unconscious cause of all this joy — the little creature that had made Madame Kissane a grandma, and Agnes, Alice, and Kitty, aunts. Michael Desmond sat at the head of the bed — he dared not venture out of the house and brave the raillery provoked by the proud grin that, despite all his efforts to restrain it, would break out on his face every few minutes.

Grandpa Kissane on the contrary was behaving quite differently; he was courting publicity. He had visited more friends and treated more strangers within the last twenty-four hours than he had ever done since he ran for alderman on the Democratic ticket thirty years ago.

While six several voices demanded in one breath whether the little red, puckered, blinking face set in embroidered muslin did not bear a striking resemblance to each and every one in the whole Desmond-Kissane connection, Father Casey looked down at the happy mother and said in his heart: Will the day ever come when even you, gentle Mary Desmond, will look upon motherhood as a disgrace and children as a burden to be shunned, even at the cost of breaking God's and nature's laws?

Then, noting the interest of the three young ladies, he said aloud:

"I suppose the burning question of the hour is: Which of the Aunts will be sponsor?"

"Please, Father, what do you mean — godmother?"

"As usual, my child, I mean what I say. What you call in modern English, *godmother,* and in old English, *gossip,* and which means a spiritual relation, in Latin we call *sponsor,* because she *spondet,* that is, promises, in the name of the child, or *fidejussor,* because she stands security for the fidelity of the child, or again, *susceptor,* because she *suscipit,* that is, receives, the child from the baptismal fount. Who is going to have the honor?"

"I am, Father!" came simultaneously from Agnes, Alice, and Kitty.

"See, Father Tim, the problem we have on our hands!" laughed Mrs. Kissane. "Come, girls, Father Casey is going to decide which of you will be god-

mother, and don't let me hear a word of grumbling after he has made his choice."

"Let us first see," said the priest, assuming a judicial air, "whether they are all eligible. Perhaps you are not aware that there are certain persons whom the Church excludes from the office of sponsor."

The girls were sobered on the instant.

"Who, Father?" they asked anxiously.

"First of all you are excluded if you are not baptized or if you are publicly excommunicated or interdicted, if you are an infidel, a heretic or Protestant, a Freemason, or a notorious criminal."

"Oh, Father!"

"You are likewise excluded if you do not know the fundamental doctrines of the Catholic Religion."

"That hits Agnes," cried Kitty. "She has forgotten the little catechism she ever knew."

"You are excluded too if you have not yet attained to the use of reason."

"That hits Kitty," said Agnes. "She is fourteen, but she has not a particle more sense than when she was a baby."

"Besides this," continued the priest, "Monks and Nuns with solemn vows are excluded, married women who have not the consent of their husbands, as well as parents in regard to their own children."

"What is the precise reason why the persons you have just enumerated are excluded?" asked Mrs. Kissane.

"The Church," said Father Casey, "requires sponsors in order to have additional security for the Christian upbringing of the child. She therefore excludes parents from this office, because they are already bound by a higher law to instruct their children, and

hence their becoming sponsors would give no additional security. She excludes married women, whose husbands are opposed, as well as Monks and Nuns, because they are not free to leave their monastery, their convent, or their home to attend to this work; she excludes infidels, Protestants, etc., because they are incapable of performing this duty properly."

"Father," interposed Michael, "I know a young fellow — a Protestant — and he claims that he is godfather for one of his brother's children. His brother is a convert."

"I think I can explain that, Michael. Ignorant parents sometimes choose a Protestant. If the priest judges that it would cause serious misunderstanding to interfere, he may sometimes allow the Protestant to assist, not as godfather but as a witness."

"How can you let him stand there as a witness without his becoming godfather in spite of you?" asked Kitty.

"Simply by taking care that he does not hold or touch the child while you are saying the words, 'I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.' Whoever does not hold or touch the child at that time does not become a godparent."

"Why, Father," said Mrs. Kissane, "when Kitty was baptized, her Uncle Pat stood for her, and him five thousand miles away in the old country at the time. Father Dan, the Lord have mercy on him, said it was all right."

"Oh, Mrs. Kissane, that's quite another thing. That is what we call standing sponsor 'by proxy.' In order to become Kitty's godfather without leaving Ireland it was necessary for Uncle Pat to appoint, or empower you to appoint, some one who was present at

the Baptism to hold or touch the child in his name. The person thus appointed is called a proxy. Accordingly Uncle Pat became godfather by proxy."

"Suppose we had some one hold the baby in Uncle Pat's name, and told him about it only afterwards. If Uncle Pat then approved of what we had done would he be Kitty's godfather?"

"No," said Father Casey, "that would not do, and Kitty, sadly as she needs some one to attend to her Christian bringing up, would be godfatherless."

"Father," said Kitty, quite unabashed at the terrible indictment conveyed by the priest's words, "you have not said which of us will be godmother."

"Before I decide I want you to understand well what follows on your becoming godmother. First of all you have the obligation of doing all in your power to give the child a Catholic education in case the parents should neglect to do so. Secondly, you contract spiritual relationship with the child and the child's father."

"What does spiritual relationship mean?"

"It means," said the priest, "that you could not validly marry either of them."

"Could I marry the fellow I stood up with?" asked Agnes.

"Well," said Father Casey, "I am not sufficiently well informed to answer that question. But this much I will say, if you can induce him to have you, the Church will place no obstacle in the way."

"Good for Aggie! Good for Aggie!" cried Kitty, clapping her hands with glee.

"Kitty," said the married sister, "you saucy child, if you say another word I'll strike you off the list of candidates."

"I'll slip into the Church and be godmother anyway," said irrepressible Kitty.

"That's where you make a mistake, my lady," said Father Casey; "you cannot validly become sponsor without the consent of the parents."

"Why not make a compromise," suggested Kitty, who feared a decision in favor of one of her elder sisters, "and let all three of us be godmothers; sometimes you see three bridesmaids at a wedding."

"You are proposing something that is forbidden by the Church," returned the priest. "It would be a sin to have even two godfathers or godmothers, let alone three; it would be a venial sin if they were of the same sex as the child, a mortal sin if they were of the opposite sex."

"Why is the Church so strict?"

"Because such a mode of procedure would multiply unnecessarily spiritual relationships and thus lessen the chances of marriage for those implicated."

"A serious consideration for my older sisters," murmured Kitty demurely.

The scolding which she had so richly deserved was about to break out on Kitty's offending head when Michael interposed.

"Whose place is it, Father," he asked, remembering from his experience as a server in bygone days that there was no uniform practice on the point, "whose place is it to make an offering to the priest on the occasion of a Baptism — the father's or the godfather's?"

"Why, Michael, that is like putting the question, 'If two men were to fall into the river, which of the two would get wet?'" said Father Casey.

AN EVENING WEDDING FRUSTRATED

"Then bring your mother up some evening, Miss Seagrave, and we shall talk the matter over together," said Father Casey, as he bowed out an elegantly dressed young lady one August afternoon.

Miss Seagrave — I beg your pardon — Miss *Minerva* Seagrave and her mother had recently taken possession of their princely new villa in Father Casey's parish, and, since high society was scarce in the neighborhood, they were (so they fully believed) wasting their sweetness on the desert air. They, however, contemplated creating a temporary oasis of the élite in the midst of this desert of common working and business people. The occasion was to be the coming wedding — for Miss Minerva had *caught a man.* Father Casey unhappily took on the appearance of a destroying angel hovering over the contemplated oasis when Minerva visited him this August afternoon (without paying the slightest attention to the notice designating the hours most convenient for calls at the rectory) and learned that an evening wedding in the home was out of the question and even an afternoon wedding in the church was rarely tolerated. A few minutes conversation convinced Father Casey that a proper presentation of the case would easily induce Minerva to be married like a Christian with Mass and Holy Communion, were it not for her mother who was a worshiper of the two false gods: Wealth and Society.

He accordingly determined on an encounter with the hardened old idolatress and told Minerva to bring her up to the rectory.

To the rectory she came the following evening in all her glory. She swished into the parlor amid a mighty rustling of silks intended to impress the priest who was himself behind the fashions. Father Casey, who had just finished listening to a poor widow's story of her starving children, paid no heed to the rustling silks, unless it was vaguely to wonder how many thousands of little slimy worms had squirmed away their existence that this woman might be clothed, and how many human beings, scarcely better treated than worms, were wearing out their lives that she might loll in luxury and lazy ease.

"My mamma, Father Casey," murmured Minerva.

"I am happy to make your acquaintance," said the priest. "I understand that you have just taken possession of your new home in our parish."

"Oh, Reverend Father, we have been here now a full month."

"So long as that! Last Sunday was the only time I noticed you at Mass. But we have so many strangers during the summer," he added quickly, "that I suppose I did not recognize you on the preceding Sundays."

The reasons with which Mrs. Seagrave had tried to quiet her conscience for missing Mass three out of her four Sundays in the parish now appeared so ridiculously weak and trivial that she was ashamed to mention them to the priest. Accordingly she changed the subject.

"My daughter's account of her visit to your Reverence," she drawled, "has thrown my mind into confusion. I and many of my Catholic friends were

not married in the morning with Mass. Am I to understand that the Church has made a new law which invalidates all marriages in future contracted without Mass and Communion?"

"Not at all," said Father Casey, "if Catholics are married in the presence of the lawful pastor of the place or his delegate, the marriage is valid, whether it be celebrated during the day or during the night, whether in the church or outside of it."

"Then is it merely a law forbidding such marriages, without making them invalid?"

"No, madam, there is not even a general law of the Church commanding all Catholics to be married during Mass. It is, however, the most earnest wish of Holy Mother Church, it is the invariable practice of all good Catholics, it is most pleasing to our divine Savior, and the sure means of bringing down His blessing upon the union. It is even a special law in some dioceses; for each Bishop has the right and duty to make regulations which he deems necessary for the spiritual welfare of his subjects."

"Is there a law to that effect in this diocese?"

"There is no law forbidding marriage without Mass; there is, however, a law in this diocese forbidding the celebration of marriage, except in case of necessity, in private houses."

"How aggravating!" murmured Mrs. Seagrave. "Then since it must be, we may as well arrange to have the wedding in the church — but not in the morning, that is so *common.*"

"But so Catholic!" suggested the priest.

"We, too, are Catholic," said Mrs. Seagrave, who thought sufficient deference was not being shown to her dignity and her dollars; "but we do not feel bound

to follow every practice introduced by the ignorant and vulgar. We must not forget what we owe to our position in society."

"Neither must I forget what I owe to my position as Pastor. Your very position in society may make your bad example all the more harmful to souls."

"Then you refuse to perform the ceremony at the time we desire, even though there is no law of the Church to the contrary?" said Mrs. Seagrave, rising haughtily.

Father Casey was human. How he longed to tell this purse-proud aristocrat, "Yes, I do refuse!" but the thought of the immortal souls at stake restrained him. These poor slaves of fashion were weak enough in faith and strong enough in pride to sacrifice duty to show and to call in a Minister. The marriage thus contracted would be invalid in the sight of God; the contracting parties would be excommunicated; the very pride that led them into the sin would probably restrain them from making reparation for it; they would die in this state and be lost forever. Besides, what they asked was not sinful in itself and therefore, if they persisted, he doubted whether he would be justified in refusing. Then, too, a little patience with their arrogance might bring them to the right way of thinking. He therefore swallowed his anger and answered as calmly as he could:

"Madam, I refuse nothing that is reasonable. Let us examine the matter dispassionately. If after examination you still believe that the afternoon marriage is reasonable, I will consent to it. By an afternoon marriage your daughter will gain certain things and lose others. She will lose first of all the Nuptial Blessing."

"Why is that?" asked Mrs. Seagrave. "Will you not bless an afternoon marriage?"

"There is no such thing as a Nuptial Blessing for an afternoon marriage," said Father Casey. "This Blessing forms part of the ceremonies of the Mass that is said for the bride and groom, and hence where there is no Mass there can be no blessing. I presume, Mrs. Seagrave, that you have sometimes assisted at a wedding during Mass."

"Well — yes," drawled Her Highness, "our servants always get married during Mass."

Father Casey kept his temper admirably.

"Then you must have noticed," said he, "the priest do something that he does during no other Mass. After the *Pater Noster* he makes a genuflection to the Blessed Sacrament (for the host and the chalice have already been consecrated), turns towards the people, and from the Missal reads a long Latin prayer over the bride and groom who are kneeling before him in the sanctuary. This prayer, read during the most solemn part of the Mass, by the priest, who a moment earlier held Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ in his hands and who a moment later will receive Him into his heart, this prayer is the Nuptial Blessing. It is directed towards the bride and calls down upon her every earthly and heavenly blessing that will make her faithful and happy in her new state of life, the joy of her husband, the guardian angel of the newly founded home. A woman can receive this blessing but once in her life; therefore a widow who received it at her first marriage cannot receive it when she marries again. There are some that say a woman that has lost her virtue before her marriage cannot receive this blessing; but that statement is un-

true; such a woman stands in double need of this Blessing, and Holy Mother Church, in mercy, grants it to her. This rich Blessing your daughter will in all probability forfeit if she is married in the afternoon."

"You say 'in all probability'; is there then some chance of her receiving it?"

"Absolutely speaking, yes; a married couple can come to a special Mass and receive the Nuptial Blessing at any time after their marriage. Practically speaking, no; in all my priestly career I have never known a couple to do so. That is, I have never known two Catholics, who neglected being married during Mass, to come later on merely for the Nuptial Blessing. I have often seen persons who contracted a mixed marriage (in a mixed marriage the Nuptial Blessing can never be given) come for this Blessing after the conversion of the non-Catholic party."

"But with the wedding in the morning," soliloquized Mrs. Seagrave, "we would be obliged to give up all thought of a banquet."

"Say, rather," corrected the priest, "that it is a choice between two banquets; the one consisting of the flesh of dead animals and resulting in dullness of mind and perhaps indisposition of body; the other consisting of the living Body and Blood, the Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ and resulting in a most intimate union with Him, the Lord and Giver of all good."

"Minerva," said Mrs. Seagrave, "it is really too bad that you cannot receive Holy Communion; it seems so very appropriate, but I am sure that the Van Dykes, and several other of our most distinguished friends would not come if we were to have the wedding in the morning."

"Here again," said the priest, "it is a choice be-

tween two kinds of guests; if you have the wedding in the afternoon you will make sure of guests (provided they do not receive some more desirable invitation in the meantime) who, for all you know, may despise you in their heart, who will come more for their own satisfaction than to give you pleasure, who will secretly criticise and pick flaws in your efforts to entertain them, who will select their presents in the mean spirit of barter, calculating on the presents you have given or are likely to give. On the other hand, if you have the wedding in the morning with Mass and Holy Communion, you will make sure of a guest of the royal line, the King of kings, who has loved you with an everlasting love, who will allow no power in heaven or on earth to hinder Him from responding to your invitation, who will be gratefully pleased with every little effort you make to entertain Him, who will measure His gifts only by His own infinite generosity and not by any favor He expects in return."

Father Casey paused a moment; Minerva looked beseechingly at her mother; Mrs. Seagrave was silent; there were some galling truths in what she had just heard. In a solemn and impressive voice the priest continued:

"When a young woman says to the man of her choice: 'I take thee for my lawful husband, to have and to hold from this day forward for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, *till death do us part,*' she performs an action that will go far towards deciding her fate in this world and in the world to come. By these words she may be beginning a life of love and peace and joy, or she may be beginning a very hell upon earth; she may be laying the cornerstone of a happy Christian home where she

will reign as queen, or she may be delivering herself up a slave to the passions of a human brute; she may be entering upon a union that will grow stronger and more sacred year by year until it is sealed forever in heaven, or she may be binding herself by a contract which a pagan divorce law will try to shatter before the orange blossoms in her wreath have faded. If ever in this mortal life a woman needs prayers it is at that fateful moment. She may marry in the afternoon when not a single prayer will be breathed to avert the misery that threatens her or to obtain the blessings that could be hers; or she may marry during Holy Mass when Jesus Christ, whose briefest prayer is a million times more powerful than the united supplications of all the Angels and Saints, is pleading with His Eternal Father in her behalf, yea, during Holy Mass, when Jesus Christ is offering up His priceless Blood in exchange for God's best blessings upon the man and woman at that moment joined in the indissoluble bonds of holy wedlock."

Mrs. Seagrave quickly brushed away something that looked very like a tear. She had been thinking how ruthlessly experience had shattered all the glittering ideals of her own marriage day; she had been thinking of her married life, its disappointments, its emptiness, its hypocrisy, its secret anguish and external deceit, and she had been wondering "what might have been" had she not foolishly preferred the meretricious glamour of a fashionable wedding to the presence and blessing of Jesus Christ.

"If you please, Father," she said humbly, "we will have the wedding during Mass, and at a sufficiently early hour to enable Minerva and her husband to receive Holy Communion."

KNIGHTHOOD

Three days more till Confirmation!

Sister Clare has drilled the candidates in the ceremonies until General von Hindenburg himself would be proud of them. If there is a single flaw in the function next Sunday, or if the bishop forgets to compliment the children on their excellent training, the sister's gentle heart will break. "To make assurance doubly sure" she insists on a dress rehearsal, or something remarkably similar, with Father Casey present seated on a chair to represent the bishop on his throne.

"You see, Father," Sister Clare had said, "it will be an ideal occasion to explain the ceremonies of Confirmation to the children,— a sort of object lesson as it were."

We all know Father Casey well enough to understand that he had not prepared these children to within three days of their Confirmation without explaining the ceremonies more than once. Sister Clare understood this as well as we. Still she had her mind set on a rehearsal, with Father Casey in the chair, and who can blame her if, in order to get him there, she took an unfair advantage of his weakness for explaining the doctrines and practices of the Church?

The children were lined up in the center aisle when Father Casey came and took his place on the imaginary throne at the end of the hall. The girls, with folded hands, looked pious as angels; the boys — well, the boys knew that a "rehearsal" is "all a fleeting show for man's illusion given," and that they already had

enough practice to go through the ceremony next Sunday like little soldiers, while the nervous girls would surely become flurried and stumble over the simplest movements; therefore who could wonder that there little pinching and pulling was going on whenever Sister Clare's watchful eyes were turned away for a moment!

"Jeremiah O'Toole, what is required for the licit reception of Confirmation?" queried the priest.

Jerry came to a sudden stop in his task of surreptitiously writing a patent medicine advertisement on the back of Reggie Langdale's big starched sailor collar, stood attention, and responded:

"The state of grace."

"Why?"

"Because Confirmation is a sacrament of the living, and it is a sacrilege to receive a sacrament of the living in mortal sin."

"What is Confirmation?"

"Confirmation is a sacrament through which we receive the Holy Ghost to make us strong and perfect Christians and soldiers of Jesus Christ."

"Correct! Soldiers of Jesus Christ! The Right Reverend Bishop will be here next Sunday as a recruiting officer in the army of the Lord. He will stand on the altar platform in the uniform of his rank and say: *'Almighty, Eternal God, who deigned to regenerate these Thy servants by water and the Holy Ghost, and who hast forgiven them all their sins, send forth upon them Thy sevenfold holy Spirit, the paraclete from Heaven. Amen. The Spirit of Wisdom and Understanding. Amen. The Spirit of Counsel and Fortitude. Amen. The Spirit of Knowledge and Piety. Amen. . . . the Spirit of the Fear*

of the Lord. . . . Amen.' Who can tell me what the bishop here means by Wisdom and Understanding, Counsel and Fortitude, Knowledge and Piety and the Fear of the Lord?"

"The seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, Father."

"As soon as the bishop has finished this prayer you come and kneel at the altar rail —"

"We had practiced with eight at a time, Father," interposed Sister Clare, who feared to see the spectacle of twenty small boys struggling to get where there was only room for ten.

"Very well; let the first eight come forward."

Forward they came. Sister Clare looked on in anguish at the careless way in which Jerry O'Toole made his genuflection.

"Of course next Sunday, each boy will have a sponsor who will stand directly behind him."

"Father," said Sister Clare, "Bruno Tipp from the eighth grade is here to act as sponsor for the boys during the rehearsal."

"Father," said Bruno, who had recently moved into the parish, "when I was confirmed we had only one godfather for all the boys and one godmother for all the girls."

"The proper thing," said Father Casey, "is to have one godparent for each child. However when there is a good reason the bishop can and often does give permission to one man to stand for all the boys, and to one woman for all the girls. The sponsor in Confirmation contracts spiritual relationship just the same as the sponsor in Baptism. Irene, what is the effect of spiritual relationship?"

"The sponsor cannot validly marry the child or the child's parents."

"Capital!" cried the priest, adding to himself, "Trust the girls to know the answer when there is anything in it pertaining to Matrimony." Then he continued, "In Baptism you are spiritually born and you are given a sponsor to act as your spiritual nurse. In Confirmation you become a man in the spiritual life — a soldier — a warrior of Christ, and now you are given a sponsor as a trainer. For centuries it was the custom for the sponsor to stand behind the child with his right foot under the right foot of the child and his right hand firmly gripping the right hand of the child, in the same position as the ancient Roman trainers stood while training a young soldier to fight. Nowadays the sponsor simply puts his right hand on the shoulder of the child. No one can validly become sponsor who is not confirmed and duly appointed, or who does not touch the child at the very time it is being confirmed. Furthermore it would be wrong to select as sponsor the child's parents, the person who stood for it at Baptism, any one under fourteen, or any one who is excommunicated, living openly in sin, or ignorant of the rudiments of Catholic doctrine. That is enough about sponsors.

"In Confirmation the Church allows us to take a new name — the name of some Saint. Patrick Dowd, what name are you going to take?"

"*Timothy,* Father," promptly responded the wily Patrick. And the priest silently wondered why all the biggest rascals in the school persisted in putting themselves under the protection of his own dear patron, St. Timothy.

"Now let everybody watch closely (even that little girl that is admiring her new dress), and I shall show you how the bishop confers the sacrament of Confir-

mation. First he dips his thumb into the little golden vase containing holy chrism and then, with that thumb, makes a cross on the forehead of the person to be confirmed, just as I am doing with Patrick here. At the same time he says, addressing the person by the new Confirmation name, 'Timothy, I sign thee with the sign of the cross, and I confirm thee with the chrism of salvation, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.'

"He makes his *sign of the cross* because the cross is the banner of Jesus Christ, and Timothy is made a soldier of Jesus Christ. He makes this sign on Timothy's *forehead* because the soldier must carry his Captain's banner before him, and also because it is fear or shame that makes a man deny Christ. Now the seat of fear and shame is supposed to be in the forehead, and the sacrament of Confirmation gives one strength not to be afraid or ashamed to profess Christ, even at the peril of losing his friends or his life. The bishop makes this sign with his *thumb* because in so doing his hand can be said to be imposed on the head of the person to be confirmed, and imposition of hands is necessary to confer the Holy Ghost. Finally this cross is made with *holy chrism.* But what is holy chrism, James?"

"Holy chrism is a mixture of olive-oil and balm consecrated by the bishop."

"Yes, holy chrism is the highest in dignity of the three kinds of holy oil which the bishop, assisted by twelve priests, seven deacons, and seven subdeacons, consecrates with solemn ceremonies in the cathedral on Holy Thursday. Confirmation is not the only sacred ceremony in which the Church prescribes the use of holy chrism. It is used in the second anointing

at Baptism, in the consecration of a bishop, or of a chalice, an altar, a church bell, and so forth. In olden times the gladiator before entering the arena, the athlete before beginning the contest, and the soldier before engaging in the fight, were rubbed with oil from head to foot, for this treatment was believed to strengthen their muscles and increase their powers of endurance. In like manner the person confirmed is anointed with oil upon the forehead which represents the whole body, to signify that this sacrament makes him a gladiator, an athlete, a soldier of Christ, and gives him the strength and endurance to fight against and overcome all the powers of hell. This oil is mixed with sweet-smelling balm, for the Christian soldier must everywhere give forth the fragrance of Christ by an honest, blameless, upright life. Then the bishop gives the person confirmed a slight blow on the cheek, thus —"

To the unspeakable horror of Sister Clare, Patrick ducked, and Father Casey's hand, instead of touching the boy's cheek, brushed the close-cropped bristles on the top of his head. Patrick's short but eventful career had convinced him that a *slight* blow was a contradiction in terms, and he had more than once owed his life to his ability in dodging blows, slight and otherwise.

"This blow," said Father Casey, forcing back a smile, "is to remind the new-made soldier of Christ that he must be ready to suffer everything, even death, rather than deny his faith. It is also an allusion to the ceremony of knighthood. The candidate knelt before his king who struck him a slight blow with the flat side of a sword, saying, 'I dub thee Knight.'

"The holy chrism glistening on the brow of the

person confirmed — this new-made knight of God — is too sacred to be touched by anything but the consecrated hands of the priest. Accordingly a linen cloth or band, which the person carries on his arm, is bound about his head to guard the holy chrism against profanation until it shall have dried up or been wiped away by the priest. Neither can the linen band thus employed be put to any but sacred uses, hence it is left in the church for the service of the altar. Nowadays this linen band is frequently dispensed with; and the assistant priest immediately wipes away the holy chrism with a bit of cotton which afterwards is to be burned. However it is in accordance with an ancient and beautiful custom to make an offering of linen for the altar on this occasion.

"While the bishop washes the holy oil from his hand in a special basin, the choir chants the antiphon: 'Confirm, O God, that which Thou hast wrought in us from Thy Holy temple, which is in Jerusalem. Glory be to the Father, etc.' Then the bishop sings: 'Let us pray. O God, who didst give the Holy Ghost to Thy apostles, and didst will that, through them and their successors, He should be given to the rest of the faithful, graciously look down upon our humble service, and grant that the same Holy Ghost, coming into the hearts of those whose brows we have anointed with holy chrism and marked with the sign of the sacred cross, may, by graciously dwelling therein, perfect them unto a temple of his glory. Amen.' Thereupon he closes the service with the solemn blessing: 'May the Lord bless you out of Sion that you may see the good things of Jerusalem every day of your pilgrimage here below and attain to eternal life. Amen.'

"In former days the sponsors were obliged after

Confirmation, to teach their charges the 'I believe in God,' the 'Our Father,' and the 'Hail Mary.' As a reminder of this ancient custom, the bishop, before leaving the church, kneels and recites these prayers with the newly confirmed. Such, children, are the ceremonies of solemn Confirmation. The bishop may also administer it in private, in a less solemn manner. Sometimes, as a special favor, he visits the bedside of a dying child and confirms it, so that it may enter heaven, not as a child, but as a perfect Christian, and thus enjoy additional glory for all eternity.

"Has any one a doubt about the matter I have just explained? What is it, Reginald?" as he of the broad starched sailor collar held up his hand.

"Pleathe, Father, when the old Roman th-th-oldiers were all covered with oil, wouldn't it thoil their uniform?"

"When the serious hour of battle arrived, the old Roman soldiers did literally what the soldiers of Christ should do figuratively — hung up their uniform on a peg and forgot about it," said Father Casey.

EVIL FRUIT OF AN EVIL TREE

"Young man," cried Father Casey, at the end of a thrilling sermon against mixed marriages, "young man, if, in spite of all that I have said, if, in spite of the condemnation of Holy Mother Church, in spite of the prohibition of Almighty God, in spite of the sad example of hundreds of thousands who have wrecked their hopes of happiness for time and eternity by this rash step, if, in spite of all this, you stubbornly persist in risking the holy faith for which your fathers suffered, the immortal soul for which your Savior died, by marrying a non-Catholic, then listen to my final warning!

"In the very room in which you die, at the very moment you breathe your last, Jesus Christ will come to judge you. Think of that terrible day! Forget, for a moment, wreaths and orange blossoms, and think of that day. Tell me — what answer will you make to Jesus Christ when He appears as your Judge and says to you, 'Give an account of the immortal souls of the children entrusted to your care?'"

Dear to Father Casey's priestly heart were the young people of his flock. His burning words were inspired by the desire to save these chosen ones from an unhappy death like one he had witnessed the preceding week, and every sad detail of which was still vivid in his mind. It happened thus:

. . . . . .

"A sick call? Robert Midgeon on Walnut Street?

Why, I did not know that Mr. Midgeon was a Catholic."

"Well, Father," said Engineer Healy, "I never knew it either until last night, though he has been firing on my engine for eight years past. You know, Father Tim, that little accident last May when No. 44 went over the grade and pinned me under her. To this day I believe, before God, it was my scapulars that saved me. Midgeon jumped. He got an awful fall and was laid up in the hospital three months. He began firing again last week but fainted at the end of the run and had to be brought home in the ambulance. Now the doctors say he has suffered an internal — an internal something or other — and may drop off at any moment. He didn't know how bad he was till last night. The doctor had told him just before I came in, and he was as white as the leaf of that book you're reading. 'Healy,' says he the minute he got sight of me, 'do you see this room?' 'I can see a block signal a mile away,' says I, 'and the room is a bit bigger than that.' 'Healy,' says he, not minding what I said, 'Jesus Christ will come into this room to judge me. And what can I tell Him, Healy, when He says, "Give an account of the immortal souls of the children I entrusted to your care?"' 'Great heavens, Midgeon,' says I, 'do you mean to tell me that you're a Catholic?' 'No,' he roared, 'I'm not. But I ought to be. I'm an apostate. And maybe before another day I'll be dead and damned forever.'

"I tried my best to pacify him. After a bit he got more quiet; then he told me his story. He had had a good Catholic bringing up, he said. When he was twenty-five he fell in love with a Methodist girl and married her in spite of the warnings of his parish

priest. True, he had her sign the pre-nuptial contract binding herself to allow all the children to be Catholics. When the first child was born she let him take it to the church to be baptized. When the next one was born she (egged on by her Protestant relations) objected. Midgeon insisted, and the child was baptized. That was, however, his last struggle. When the third baby arrived he had become indifferent to his religion. Being a railroad man he had always found considerable difficulty in getting to Mass. A good Catholic wife would have helped him over the difficulty, as Kitty has done for me, God bless her. Mrs. Midgeon, on the contrary, instead of helping and encouraging him, took pains to put obstacles in the way. The upshot of it was that he finally gave up Mass altogether. Once he had quit the Holy Mass, he found it easy enough to quit everything else Catholic. His seven children are dyed-in-the-wool Methodists, and as for himself, in all the years I worked with him, I never saw any more signs of religion in him than in the engine he fired. The minute I found out he was a Catholic I wanted to go and call your Reverence. 'Don't do it, Healy,' says he. 'The priest would only tell me that I'll burn in hell for neglecting the religious education of my seven children!' 'No one goes to hell that's sorry for his sins and makes a good Confession,' says I. 'Confession,' cries he, 'don't you understand that no priest could give me Absolution until I made my children Catholics? And that's impossible. They hate the very sight of a Catholic.' I didn't know what to say to that, so I came to tell your Reverence about it."

"Mr. Healy," said the priest, "I thought you knew your religion well enough to settle that difficulty. A

parent is indeed guilty before God of a heinous sin if, through his neglect, his children lose the faith. He can never receive Absolution or pardon unless he is sorry for that sin and determined to do all in his power to repair it. However, let it always be remembered, God's mercy is above all His works. He will never reject the repentant sinner. If it is no longer possible for the sinner to repair the evil he has done, God will forgive him even without reparation."

"Then, Father Tim, there's a chance for poor Midgeon!"

"If he has sorrow for his sins and trust in God, there is all the chance in the world. I shall go at once to see what I can do for him, for I fear that if he dies without the priest he will die in despair."

. . . . . .

Father Casey rang the bell at Mr. Midgeon's house on Walnut Street and waited. A young woman (she was Midgeon's eldest daughter) opened the door. On seeing the Roman collar, she recoiled, then her face darkened with repulsion, and she stood silently regarding him with a cold stare.

"I am Father Casey. I heard of Mr. Midgeon's illness and stopped to pay him a little call."

"Mr. Midgeon is not seeking new acquaintances!" The door was slammed in his face, he heard the key turn in the lock, and he had no choice but to go back the way he came.

An immortal soul was at stake! Good Father Casey had never yet, in all his priestly life, hesitated at any sacrifice to save a soul. He instructed Engineer Healy to call on the dying fireman that very evening and obtain from him a clear statement that he desired

a visit from the priest. Healy succeeded in obtaining the required declaration, though he reported that Midgeon kept repeating, "I am lost; no priest can give me Absolution while my children are Protestants through my fault."

Early next morning Father Casey again rang the bell at the house on Walnut Street. The same young woman answered his ring. Livid with rage at seeing such persistence in the hated priest, she gave the door a violent swing. This time it did not close; one of Father Casey's thick-soled shoes planted firmly just inside the threshold prevented it from doing so.

"Pardon me," he said, "Mr. Midgeon, the owner of this house, sent for me. I have come in answer to his call."

"No Popish priest will see my father," she said and made a second effort to close the door.

"Madam, the law of the land will uphold a dying man in his request for spiritual assistance. I shall return in half hour with an officer and compel admittance." And he turned on his heel. "Unless," he added facing her, "you have decided, upon second thought, to admit me now."

The struggle raging within her showed plainly upon her features. At length she said shortly:

"Wait in the hall. I shall go to my father's room and inquire whether you have told the truth."

When she came downstairs a few minutes later, she was accompanied by the family physician and by her brother, a broad-shouldered young man of twenty-three or thereabout. The doctor was the first to speak.

"I am Mr. Midgeon's physician; I cannot allow him to be disturbed."

"You may be his physician, sir," said Father Casey, "but you are not his jailer. He has sent me a definite request to visit him, and — I mean to do so."

"You clear out of this house. We take no lip from a sneaking priest!" bellowed young Mr. Midgeon, advancing upon Father Casey with clenched fists.

The priest looked him squarely in the eye without twitching a muscle. The young man stepped back. After a moment of silence, Father Casey said quietly:

"Am I to be given free access to Mr. Midgeon, or will it be necessary for me to call in the assistance of an officer of the law?"

Miss Midgeon drew the doctor aside; there was a minute of excited whispering, then the doctor turned and said:

"I disclaim all responsibility for the result of your parley with Mr. Midgeon. If you choose to hasten the end of a dying man with your superstitious mummeries, let the guilt be on your own head!"

Father Casey started up the stairway.

"Is this the way to the sick room?" he asked.

"Not so fast, sir," said the doctor. "My patient is in intense suffering and stands in need of my immediate assistance. If you insist on troubling him, you may do so after ten minutes."

Father Casey waited with what patience he could. At the end of a quarter of an hour a curt summons from the doctor brought him to the dying man. Mrs. Midgeon, a delicate little woman of middle age, sat at the bedside, silently weeping. But on the face of Miss Midgeon and the doctor there was a look of triumph.

"The pain had become so violent," said the doctor, "that I was obliged to administer a slight opiate. It

is possible that the patient will not have the happiness of recognizing his ghostly father."

Father Casey saw it all. Miss Midgeon had evidently asked the doctor to administer a powerful drug that would render her father unconscious, and thus prevent him from speaking with the priest. A sufficient reason was found in the fact that Mr. Midgeon was really suffering great pain. Thus did the very child whom a guilty father had allowed to be robbed of the faith, become the instrument of God's justice in cutting off from that guilty father the consolation of the faith in his dying hour.

Father Casey sat silently at the bedside watching anxiously for some sign of returning consciousness. Never in his life had he prayed more fervently than he prayed then that the effects of the opiate would wear off before the fireman died. Mr. Midgeon's pulse grew weaker and weaker, a clammy sweat began to ooze from his forehead, foam gathered on his lips — there was a convulsive movement of the limbs, one last, long breath, and Robert Midgeon passed from an opiate sleep to the sleep of death.

A chill of terror shook Father Casey at the thought: Jesus Christ is now in this room. He is saying to the unhappy apostate, Give an account of the immortal souls of the children whom I entrusted to your care.

THE END

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